IONEERING

N BOLIVIA,

h some account of work in

RGENTINA.

DUKE
UNIVERSITY

DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

An Andine Indian.

Missionary Pioneering in Bolivia,

with some Account of work in ARGENTINA.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
DURHAM
N. C.
DUKE

BY

WILL PAYNE

AND

CHAS. T. W. WILSON.

107093

PUBLISHED BY

H. A. RAYMOND, "ECHOES OF SERVICE,"

PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

London:
"Mr. Fegan's Homes" (Incorp.),
95, Southwark Street, S.E.

1/6/28
Budget
Ex.
E. 2 8.
$1.25
School of Relig. Lessons

Son. R.
278.4
P346

Missionary Pioneering in Bolivia.

107093

MAP

OF

SOUTH AMERICA.

Contents.

CHAPTER I.

BUENOS AIRES.

Conditions of Life. Mission Work. Liberty for Gospel Preaching. The Tent. The Workers Needed. 5

CHAPTER II.

CORDOBA and TUCUMAN.

Productiveness and Wealth of Argentina. Romanism in Cordoba. "Mate." Virgin of Mercedes and S. Pedro Nolasco. Tucuman Sugar Plantations. First Contact with South American Indians. 10

CHAPTER III.

TUCUMAN TO METAN.

Mule-buying. The Converted Hairdresser. Hearty Reception by the Natives. Exchanging Books for Eggs. Crosses by the Roadside. Books destroyed. Authorities subject to the Will of the Priest. Do the English worship the Sun? Images. 14

CHAPTER IV.

METAN TO PAMPA BLANCA.

St. Anthony in the Trunk. Plenty of Game. The *Gaucho* Making *Charqui*. Saint Money. A Good Stroke. Jujuy and Salta. Dangers of Volcan. 27

CHAPTER V.

PAMPA BLANCA TO TUPIZA.

Sugar Plantations. *Troperos.* A Priest wants the Bible. A Motley Procession. Chiriguanos. Tobas. Matacos. Their Life and Habits. A Tropical Storm. Singing Gospel Hymns in a R.C. Church. A Dangerous River. 37

CHAPTER VI.

TUPIZA TO CAIZA.

Tupiza. Early Efforts to scatter Bible in Bolivia. A Tambo. Priest with Fighting Cock. Profits of Parish Priest. Rohrsetzer (B.F.B.S.) Arrested. Colporteur Murdered. Cemeteries of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell. Quechua Gospels. Agricultural Indians. Chicha. Stone and Mud Beds. Hot Springs. 53

CHAPTER VII.

CAIZA TO SUCRE.

Postas and Postillions. Indians wear Wings, etc., of Silver at Feast. Musical Instruments. Rare Air. Church let down from Heaven. Image of Child Jesus. Sudden Death of the Man who carries the Image. Inquisitive Questioning. Beautiful Views. Sucre's Suburban Residences. 60

CHAPTER VIII.

SUCRE (or CHUQUISACA).

Is Sucre the Capital? Buildings. Water Supply. Lack of Sanitation. *Gente decente. Cholos* and Indians. Fashionable Dress of the Upper Class. Tailors, etc., at work on Side Walk. Pearls. Religious Festivals. Carnival. Reseño. "God dies and lives again." Bibles Seized. Threats of Persecution. 67

CHAPTER IX.

SUCRE IN 1900.

A Prisoner examined as a Witness against himself. Arrested for holding Meetings. Calling on Archbishop. Favourable Decision. Priests try to incite Indians, etc. People afraid to buy from "the Devil." Child Slavery. 81

CHAPTER X.

SUCRE TO POTOSI.

Dirty Postas. *Binchucas.* Farm Indians. *Pongos.* Custom of giving Alcohol to Indians. Indians living in Villages. Irrigation. Contents of Huts. Indian's Love for his Animals. Buried Treasure. Potosi Silver Mines. The Mint. Market Places. 88

CHAPTER XI.

POTOSI TO ORURO.

Inca Road. Colquechaca. *Misas-Chicas.* Candlemas. Dead Indian. Child's Funeral. *Llameros.* Bolivian Railway. 96

CHAPTER XII.

ORURO.

First Gospel Tent in Bolivia. Red-hot Irons for the Colporteur. Millions of Indians caused to die. *Tinka* for the Indian. The "Heart-Eaters." Carrying capacity of Indian. 103

CHAPTER XIII.

COCHABAMBA.

180 Miles in a Six-Mule Stage Coach. Prayers to the Spirit. An Indian Burnt Offering. A Friar, a Brush, and Holy Water. Mashed Snakes for Lung Trouble. Colporteur spends night in Monastery. Indians incited to attack Missionary. Bonfire to burn the Protestant. Timely arrival of Soldiers. 114

CHAPTER XIV.

LA PAZ.

Aymará Indians. Massacre in Roman Catholic Church. The Vicuña of the Andes. View from the Alto. Canadian Missionaries begin Gospel work. First Missionary Grave. Bishop's Appeal to Minister of Worship. Lake Titicaca. Wonderful Inca Empire. 126

CHAPTER XV.

MINING and COMMERCE.

Mining and Commerce. Rich Deposits. Last of the Incas. American Syndicate. The Africaine Company. 134

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

System of Education. Official Report of Cochabamba Riot. Roman Catholic Bishop's Letter about Priests. Other important Letters. Are the People of Bolivia satisfied with Romanism? Numerous Indian Tribes. The Quechua Language. 139

List of Illustrations.

An Andine Indian		*Frontispiece*
Map of South America	*facing page*	i.
Mr. & Mrs. Will Payne and Mr. Chas. T. W. Wilson	,,	x.
Open-Air Gospel Meeting, Buenos Aires	,,	6
Procession of the Virgin of Mercedes and S. Pedro of Nolasco	,,	10
Meeting Room, Cordoba	,,	10
Tucuman Market Place	,,	12
How we travel in Bolivia	,,	14
A Feast Day in the Argentine Camp	,,	18
A Rest by the way	,,	20
Mode of Conveyance in Interior of Argentina	,,	32
Idolatry in Salta	,,	34
An old Argentine Couple	,,	34
Chiriguano Women	,,	38
Camba Indians, Eastern Bolivia	,,	38
Toba Indians and their Huts	,,	44
Mataco Indian	,,	46
Indians of the Chaco	,,	48
Travelling among the Andes	,,	56
A stopping-place provided for Travellers on some passes of the Andes	,,	56
Postillions	,,	60
Quechua Indians at a Festival in Caiza	,,	62
Belen Image of Child Jesus	,,	64
A Bolivian Priest	,,	64
Sucre from the West	,,	66
Cemetery of Sucre, where the Coffins are placed in Niches	,,	68
Gente Decente celebrating 6th August, Independence Day	,,	70
Devil Dance in Roman Catholic Church	,,	76

Native Girls that were sold for £2 each facing page 86
Stall in Market Place - - „ 88
Indian Weaving - - - „ 92
A Quechua Fruit Seller - - „ 94
Water Carrier - - - „ 100
Some of the Canadian Baptist Missionaries „ 102
View of Oruro with the Negro Pabellon Mountain in the Background - „ 104
Oruro Market - - - - „ 106
Maximiliano Rohrsetzer selling Bibles in Oruro „ 108
Indians who own Llamas and engage in the carrying trade - - - „ 110
Come Corazone (heart-eaters) Indians living East of Sucre - - - „ 112
Quillacolla (3 miles from Cochabamba) „ 114
Road to Cochabamba - - - „ 114
A Religious Procession, Quillacolla „ 116
The River at Cochabamba - - „ 118
The Plaza, Cochabamba - - „ 120
"Biatas," or Holy Women - - „ 122
A Shrine where Quechua Indians gather to worship Sun, Moon, and Cross - „ 122
Bailarines holding Festival in Quillacolla „ 124
La Paz, with Illimani in the Background „ 126
Aymará Indians - - - „ 128
Market in La Paz - - - „ 130
Colquechaca. Mining Town - - „ 134
Llamas bringing Fuel to the Benefitting Establishment of Mr. Andrew Penny „ 136
Ollantaytambo. View of Inca Citadel „ 138
Indian Canoes made of Straw - „ 138
Stonework of the Quechua Indians of some Centuries past - - „ 140
Remains of Inca Palace - - „ 142
Village of Challas - - - „ 144
Lake Titicaca - - - - „ 146

INTRODUCTION.

OF all countries on the face of the earth there are few about which so little is generally known as Bolivia and the countries immediately surrounding it.

This work is not an attempt at a literary production. Our reason for publishing it is to give to the large number of Christian workers who wish to know more of the interior of South America an intelligent outline of the existing state of things, and the vast possibilities that await the messengers of Christ who may be led of Him to give themselves for service in that needy land.

It is not possible in the compass of the present volume to take up every aspect of the country, but we have tried to touch upon those points which will prove most helpful.

If we have omitted to mention any Christian worker who has visited Bolivia, we regret the omission, but have sought to make known every effort that is being made for reaching the people of the country with the simple Gospel, and we shall be happy to give information to any who may wish to correspond with us.

We have touched a little on the mining and commerce of the country, but these notes can only serve to call attention to the great and almost untouched treasures that still lie buried among the

lofty Andine Mountains and hidden in the unexplored forests of the Amazon valley.

It is well to remember that Bolivia has an area of about 600,000 square miles, and is larger than Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland and Greece combined.

The following is an extract from a recently published article, and brings before us in a few words the great variety of conditions existing in Bolivia:—

"The country of Bolivia being situated within "the torrid zone, but having the eastern side traversed "by the great Cordillera of the Andes, makes the "country extremely varied in its animal life, vegeta- "tion and atmosphere. In some regions the "temperature is very dry, and in others exceedingly "damp; there are some very healthy spots, and "others that would almost immediately kill any "person who attempted to live there. Here you may "go to a tropical heat, a continual spring, or to "places where you would be frozen to death. There "are long, high mountain ranges, continually covered "with snow many feet deep, and other localities "where snow has never been seen. There are places "not inhabited for the scarcity of water, and others "uninhabitable for the excess of it. In some regions "terrible winds are experienced, and certain of the "people live in places where hardly a breeze is felt. "The air in some parts is so thick as to suffocate you, "and there are districts where it is so thin that you "cannot live. There are spots where it rains almost "daily all the year round, and others where it never "rains and never has rained. While wheat is pro-

" duced in abundance in some parts, in others, people
" have never eaten bread and have never seen it.
" Here you have the monkey, the vicuna, the tiger,
" and the alligator; the condor, that mounting up in
" its majestic flight delights to examine with serenity
" the clouds higher than the frozen regions; and you
" find also the peaceful white stork that seeks the
" hottest, lowest swamps. Here are colossal moun-
" tains of pure metal and extensive fields of loose
" sand. Land there is that saddens because of its
" barrenness and dreariness, and other that is
" inaccessible for its superabundant vegetation;
" immense rivers that run furiously, forming
" imposing rapids; valleys, the deepest in the world,
" such as the Tipuani; and snow-capped mountains
" among the highest, such as the Sorata and the
" Illimani. Here are springs of petroleum, springs
" of boiling water, and volcanoes in activity. You
" may say in one word that you have all climates,
" grow all kinds of trees and plants, and find all
" kinds of animals, and all classes of land—all
" forming a beautiful contrast."

WILL PAYNE,
South Lodge, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

CHAS. T. W. WILSON,
237, Punt Road, Richmond, Victoria, Australia.

Mr. Will Payne.

Mrs. Payne.

Mr. Chas. T. W. Wilson.

Chapter I.

BUENOS AIRES.

CONDITIONS OF LIFE. MISSION WORK. LIBERTY FOR GOSPEL PREACHING. THE TENT. THE WORKERS NEEDED.

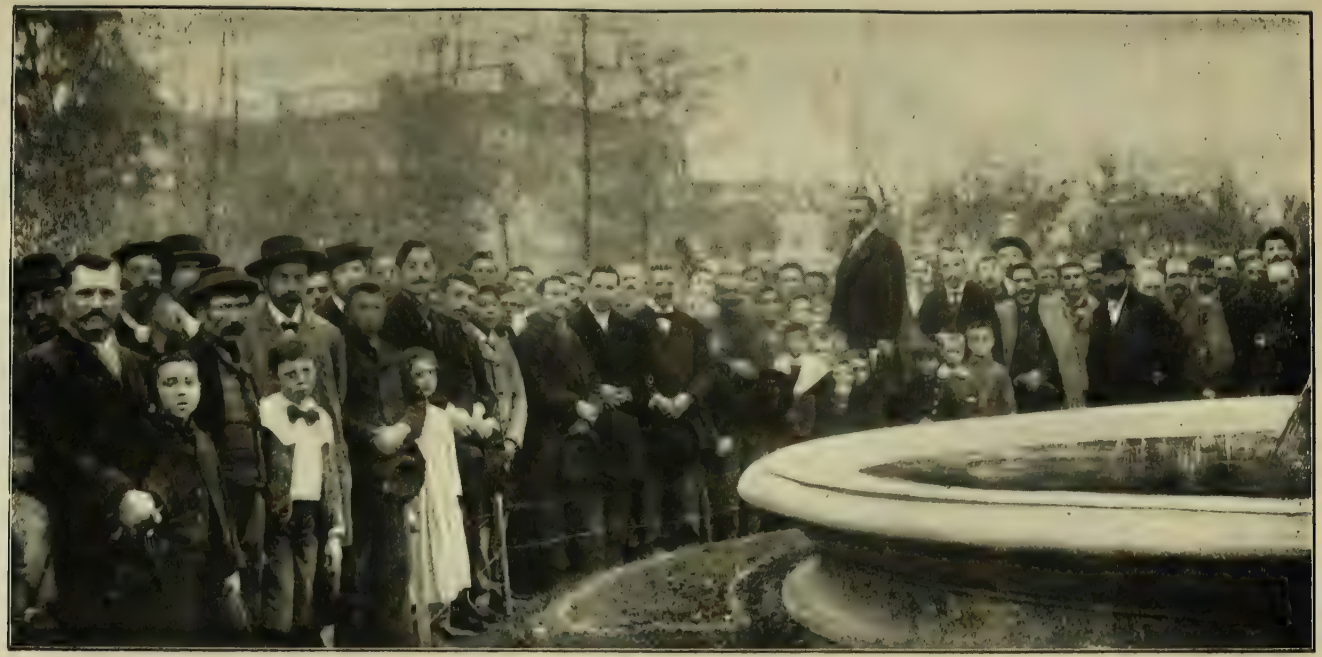
IN order to enter Bolivia from the south-east it is necessary to land at Buenos Aires, and a few words in passing may help to give an idea of the conditions of life in Argentina. This vast city of about 1,000,000 inhabitants, with an average annual increase of 25,000, contains many surprises for the traveller, merchant, or missionary. I remember one gentleman asking what sort of house he might have to build on arriving, and another spent some time practising with a rifle before leaving the British Isles in order to be able to provide himself with a breakfast in Buenos Aires!

From whatever standpoint we consider this city, we must admit that it compares favourably with the finest cities of the world. The port, capable of handling 11,000,000 tons per annum, is constantly filled to overflowing. The main thoroughfares of the city are like those of Paris; telephones and electric light are everywhere, and

electric tramways cross each other at almost every corner, carrying passengers to the far-off suburbs of this great city. Hotels, parks, markets, shops, and all public buildings tell of the wonderful progress made by the Argentines during the last decade.

For many years the American Methodist Episcopal Church has conducted active mission work in Buenos Aires, and during later years the Salvation Army, "Brethren," "Regions Beyond" Union, French Baptists, Anglicans, etc., have not been idle. A recent census taken on a given Sunday and published in the *South American News* of May, 1904, shows that the total attendance at Spanish-speaking services was 1,859. Making allowances for all exceptional circumstances which may have interfered with the attendance on this occasion, we are safe in saying that not more than 2,000 people hear the Gospel on a Sunday night.

There are thus vast possibilities still awaiting the messenger of Christ. In most of the 72 parks or squares of the city, liberty is given for the preaching of the Gospel in the open air, and we are glad to say that different workers have taken a stand in four of these squares Sunday by Sunday to tell God's message to the crowds that frequent these places. I think we are safe in saying that despite all these efforts there still remain more than half-a-million in Buenos Aires who have never heard the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. A great number of the working-class people live in



OPEN-AIR GOSPEL MEETING, BUENOS AIRES.—*(See page 6).*

"conventillos," a kind of "close," and are easy of access for visiting and Gospel work.

A new form of evangelisation, very common in the British Isles but new for South America, has been adopted during these past few years in the gathering of people into tents. For this purpose a canvas tent was pitched in Quilmes, one of the suburbs, and crowds gathered night after night. This same tent was used in different parts of the Republic, in every case blessing following the Word preached. In 1903 an effort was made on a larger scale in Buenos Aires. A wooden-sided canvas-roofed tent was pitched in one of the most populous districts.

We take the following from a periodical, *In His Name*, dated December, 1903:—

"This has proved to be one of the best means of gathering the people to hear the Gospel that has yet been tried in Buenos Aires. At the end of five months' meetings the interest has in no way abated, and our difficulty at most of the meetings is to provide seats for those who wish to sit and listen to the Gospel. At least 400 persons hear the message of salvation at each meeting. We have had some trouble with a number of young men who came to oppose, but the police have given us every assistance in keeping order. This element has rendered the holding of after-meetings almost impossible, and so most of the following up of the work has had to be done by visiting.

"On Monday evening, the 26th October, we held a special meeting for those who seemed most interested. There were over 300 present, including Christians from Quilmes, Corrales, and other places, and a most enjoyable

time was passed. After a word of exhortation from Mr. Fletcher, the meeting was thrown open for testimonies from those who had received blessing during the last six months in any part of the work. We had some difficulty to keep the older Christians from giving testimony, but adhering to our original plan we had some twenty-five testimonies in the hour, and then an opportunity was given for those who could not speak, because of nervousness, to stand up and thus signify that they had received Christ. We soon lost count of these, and many surprises came as one and another of those who had appeared to us indifferent to the Gospel call now struggled to their feet with tears in their eyes.

"The wondrous power of the Gospel has been shewn in many of these cases. A young girl, just on the threshold of life, tells of freedom from the world's pleasures; an old woman of 65 laments her years passed in sin, but praises the Saviour for the new life begun; a man of about 45 tells of chains broken that had bound him for many years, and of a new power that had been brought into his life. Another woman told us how she had been noted for fighting with everyone, but now the peace of God had filled her heart, and she lived at peace with her neighbours. Time fails to tell of every case."

For those who are thinking of taking up evangelistic work in Argentina I would like to impress upon them the fact that the people of Buenos Aires are well-educated and intelligent. They are not as a rule implicit believers in the priest and his doctrines; in fact the majority of the working-class people are members of Socialistic clubs, while the upper-class man is a great admirer of the teaching of Comte, the Positivist. In order to reach these,

one must be able to deal with them from their own standpoint, and, unless able to hold an audience with some ability, he will very soon find difficulty in getting people to listen. The idea that *anything* will do for the mission field has, I trust, quite passed away.

Chapter II.

CORDOBA AND TUCUMAN.

PRODUCTIVENESS AND WEALTH OF ARGENTINA. ROMANISM IN CORDOBA. "MATE." VIRGIN OF MERCEDES AND S. PEDRO NOLASCO. TUCUMAN SUGAR PLANTATIONS. FIRST CONTACT WITH SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE next town of importance called at *en route* to Bolivia is Cordoba. The railway journey brings us through a tract of country shewing evidence of a productiveness and wealth that is overwhelming, and, as one traveller said, "the stacks of wheat-bags standing outside the sheds at many stations in a good season speak volumes to the traveller from older countries whose food supply depends upon the productions of these less settled lands." Speeding on in a comfortable and well-appointed railway carriage, we notice wheat, linseed and maize fields mixing with occasional cattle farms in almost a continuous line through 500 miles of country.

Cordoba has been rightly considered the stronghold of Romanism in South America. Its twenty churches, with chapels and convents that have evidently stood for centuries; its seminaries that have produced thousands of priests and scattered them through the whole Continent, tell

PROCESSION OF THE VIRGIN OF MERCEDES AND S. PEDRO OF NOLASCO.—*(See page 11)*.

MEETING ROOM, CORDOBA.

us that Rome has long been busy in this district. The population of Cordoba is about 60,000. The town is well-paved, well-built, and well-lighted.* In spite of many difficulties that the missionaries have met with through the fanatical opposition of the priests and Cordobeses, we are thankful to record that some fruit has been gathered, and in three centres the Gospel is now being preached in this city.

An important part of the work of a true missionary is that of visiting from house to house, and the people are very glad to spend a while chatting with a visitor on any subject. Immediately on calling at the house the maté-pot is produced, and "maté" is served. It is a kind of tea, but is taken through a small silver tube. There being only one tube for all the visitors as well as for the family, there is plenty of time for conversation as it passes round the circle.

We give a picture showing one of the processions of Cordoba, on the 24th of September, the day on which they take out the "Virgin of Mercedes." All the criminals from the prison are put into line, and the Virgin is supposed to give liberty to whom she will. There is an ingenious arrangement by which the paper giving liberty falls, at the will of the priest, in front of the prisoner to be freed. Behind the Virgin is the image of "S. Pedro Nolasco," founder of the order of Mercedarios, in whose church this Virgin is kept.

* In 1845 Allen Gardiner sold Bibles here, which were afterwards burnt in an open court at the back of one of the churches.

The devotees of Pedro Nolasco believe that they receive from him a warning, three days before they die, to prepare for death. He is said to come and knock on the wall beside their bed.

These things are mentioned to give a little idea of the superstition of these people, which could only hold its place in the midst of gross ignorance. Another sample of this ignorance came before us at this time. A poor girl was very severely burnt, and the remedy applied was a poultice of mashed ears of "biscacha," a sort of rabbit. The burn did not heal, and so a poultice of pig's dung was applied. When our sisters went to visit the girl, the people said it was because they had come to our meetings that the girl did not get better. A thorough cleansing, followed by the use of boracic acid, soon healed the wound.

Another case might be mentioned of a woman who suffered from a gathering in the ear, and the remedy applied was a nigger's curl fried in fat!

As the train rolls north from Cordoba to Tucuman, the capital of the next province, we remember that there are *five* provinces lying to the east and west that as yet have no preacher of the Gospel; each of them is larger than Ireland, and absolute liberty of religious opinion is guaranteed by the Constitution. This part of Argentina has an excellent climate, is easy of access, and awaits the arrival of faithful witnesses for Christ. In the meantime the colporteurs sent out by the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible

Tucuman Market Place.

Society have visited almost every town and village, thus in a great measure preparing the soil. Missionaries from Cordoba have also visited at one time or another all these northern provinces.

Tucuman, with a population of about 40,000, stands in the midst of the garden of Argentina; away on every side stretch fields of sugar cane, and orange groves with their golden fruit attract attention. We here feel that we have come in contact for the first time with the *Indian* life of South America. Indians of many tribes come for a few months each year to help in the labour of the sixty or seventy sugar-crushing mills. These thousands of full-bred and half-caste Indians live in miserable huts, and the shameful packing of humanity in them gives occasion to much moral corruption. A large portion of their pay is given in meat and alcohol. Fearful scenes of drunkenness and rioting take place, and the long knife that every Indian carries for cutting the sugar-cane is often used for taking life. The owners of these mills have full power from the Government to punish, in any way that they think necessary, those who are guilty of crime.

Chapter III.

TUCUMAN TO METAN,

By Messrs. Allan, Pedro Guerrero, and Wilson.

MULE-BUYING. THE CONVERTED HAIRDRESSER. HEARTY RECEPTION BY THE NATIVES. EXCHANGING BOOKS FOR EGGS. CROSSES BY THE ROADSIDE. BOOKS DESTROYED. AUTHORITIES SUBJECT TO THE WILL OF THE PRIEST. DO THE ENGLISH WORSHIP THE SUN? IMAGES.

AFTER thirty-six hours' ride from Buenos Aires we arrived in Tucuman, a distance of 800 miles. The missionaries were not at the station to meet us, as our train was fifteen minutes before time, but we managed to find our way to their home, and received a hearty welcome. After breakfast and a good rest, we attended an open-air meeting on the outskirts of the city. Some of the brethren, while giving away tracts, were very roughly handled by half-drunken men, one of whom commenced throwing stones into the ring. Some ladies were present with little children in their arms, but fortunately none were hit. A policeman arrived and took the man off to prison. The Lord is blessing the efforts of His servants in Tucuman, so Satan is stirred up. A few weeks previously a policeman

How we Travel to Bolivia.—*(See page 16).*

saw a man buy a long knife, and suspecting mischief followed him. The man started off for the Gospel meeting, and with the knife under his coat waited at the door to "have a few words with the preacher," Mr. Clifford. But before anything serious happened the policeman arrived, took him off, and lodged him in the lock-up. The work here is not more than six or seven years old, but there are between seventy and eighty converts, some of whom were once the terror of the place.

Here we had to purchase our mules, but the class we required were very scarce, as so many had recently been sent to South Africa. Mule-buying is a very interesting ordeal, especially when the buyer is a "greenhorn." Our first question when one was shown us would be, "Is it quiet?" "Oh, yes, exceedingly quiet," would be the answer, in which case we would give it a trial, but sometimes we were no sooner on the mule's back than we were either thrown off or hanging for dear life round its neck! Of course the price they ask, especially from the foreigner, is about double its true value, and this is not only the case with mules, but with everything, so one has to learn the art of "beating down."

After a stay of fifteen days in Tucuman with the missionaries and native Christians, whom we had the pleasure of addressing several times, we succeeded in purchasing the number of mules required, though not the desired class. We only managed to get two tall ones; the other three small

ones we bought from a priest. This gentleman was not satisfied with his mules alone going with us, for he also wished to accompany us. We declined his offer with many thanks, for he had not a very good reputation.

On August 30th, being properly fitted out, we said "good-bye" to our Tucuman friends. Pedro was the first to get away on one of the tall mules, which he named "Huacha," leading a small pack mule called "Negro," which carried two boxes of Spanish Bibles. Brother Allan came next, riding "Pardo," the largest of the priest's mules, and leading the other, to which was given the name of "Chico," also laden with Bibles. I followed on "Topsy," the other tall animal.

As we passed through the city every eye was upon us, and many wished to know where we were going. This is a bit of Argentine politeness! "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going?" and "What is your business?" are questions we are continually asked. And sometimes, as an extra, "What is your name and your country?"

When we reached the outskirts of the city we heard a cry behind us, and looking in that direction saw a man beckoning to us to stop. We called a halt, and in a few minutes the man was at our side. His profession is that of a hairdresser, and a desperate case his has been. Many a time while shaving a man his thirst was so great that he had to leave his customer half shaved and go out for a

drink, leaving his wife to finish the shaving! He had lived a dreadful life, having committed every sin but murder, and several times was even on the point of doing that. Hearing of the miraculous powers of the Virgin of the Valley, in Catamarca, he paid her a visit, seeking to be cured of this awful craving. The trip cost him over £2, and he returned nothing bettered but rather worse. Passing the Gospel Tent one night he heard singing, and going in, listened to the message of Life for the first time, believed, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. He is now a bright witness in Tucuman to the saving power of the Gospel. He put 5/- into our hand, and with a "God bless you" retraced his steps. We thanked our heavenly Father, not only for the gift, but for the self-denial of this good brother. In his unconverted days these few shillings would have gone to buy drink, helping to ruin body and soul. He is only one of the many trophies of God's grace in Tucuman.

Taking leave of our friend, we continued our journey, along a dusty road, under a very hot sun. After going about nine miles we arrived at a little village called Las Nogales, and received permission from a family there to put our mules in their *corral* for the night. After unloading the mules and putting them out to pasture, we pitched our little tent, had tea, and slept till morning. This was the first day of the week, so we rested, had a talk with our host and his wife, and gave them a nicely-bound Bible for their kindness to us.

On Monday morning Mr. A. and Pedro went on ahead with the pack-mules, making for a town called Vipos. I came behind slowly, selling Bibles on the way. Many had previously sold along this road, but one can always sell something, for to-day someone will have money who had not yesterday. About mid-day I came to where the road branched off in two directions, and noticed by the marks of the mules' shoes that my companions had each taken a different route, Mr. A. having taken the left road and Pedro the right, which happened to be the wrong!

Riding at a good gallop I caught up to Pedro just after sunset, near the little village of Ticucha, which consisted of about a dozen small huts and one large house. Mr. A. had all the provisions with him and we had none, so we made a bee line for this big house to see if they would sell us food for ourselves and fodder for our animals. The master of the house said that he had nothing at all to sell us, no fodder and not even bread. So we turned away in despair, our hungry selves and tired animals, to go on in the dark to the next town, Vipos, nine miles away.

But just at this moment a young lady appeared whom we had met that evening on the road, and to whom we had given a Gospel. She spoke to the old gentleman, and we were called back, our mules being taken to a fine field of pasture near, while we were invited inside the house. Water, soap, and a towel were brought, and after

A Feast Day in the Argentine Camp.

a good wash it was dinner time, and we were asked to take a seat at a large table with the family of six, the old gentleman and young lady included. After getting through the seven or eight courses of good things we were well satisfied and began to talk. We told them how we had managed to get out of the way, etc., talked about the English and the Argentines, and of course about the good news of salvation.

At 9 p.m. we retired for the night with hearts full of thankfulness to God and to these good people. Naturally we thought of brother Allan, and wondered how he would be faring. Next day Pedro went on with the pack-mule to Vipos, and I made for Campo Redondo, where I found Mr. A. patiently awaiting us. After getting a plate of soup at a house here, we also started for Vipos, and reached there just at sundown, where we found Pedro sitting at a fire by the roadside roasting a fowl, for which he had exchanged a Bible. We pitched our tent and took the mules to pasture.

After tea, Pedro and I went to a little hut where two years previously I had left the Gospel of John and some tracts. The mistress recognised me and we were invited inside, the Gospel and tracts being produced from a little cupboard. The woman said that she had read and re-read them, and read them also to her family and friends. She believed that God must have sent us to her. After talking to them for about an hour, reading and explaining portions of the Scriptures, etc.,

we all knelt down and had prayer, thanking God for His unspeakable gift and asking Him to give these dear people more light. Next morning we received from them a basket of fine fresh eggs, in return for which we took their photograph and gave them a copy of the New Testament. We then went on our way greatly cheered, and felt that truly God was with us.

At the next town, Trancas, Pedro went out after dinner to sell. Mr. A. and I, after washing the stew-pot and our tin plates and mugs, saddled up, and set out for the next town. On the outskirts of Trancas we saw what appeared to be the shoe marks of Pedro's mule. But surely he could not have left the town so soon? To make sure we asked several people if such and such a person, describing Pedro, had passed on mule-back. "Yes; he had passed, and if we hurried we would catch up to him." And we did hurry for about two hours, but no Pedro. We asked again, and still the same answer: "He is just ahead." So we quickened our pace, and were talking of what should be done to Pedro for treating us in this manner. Darkness came on and we had reached the village, but still no Pedro!

We now sought for a place to sleep and pasture for the mules, but at none of the houses at which we called would they have anything to do with us, because they think that all respectable travellers should camp before dark, and are rather suspicious about receiving anyone who does not.

A Rest by the way on a Bible-selling Tour through North Argentina.

In several places we enquired, but always with the same unpleasant result. However, God knew our position, and would help us.

Away on one side of the road we saw a light, and struck out for it. On approaching the little house whence it was shining we clapped our hands, as is the custom in these parts. In answer to our call an old lady shouted out: "Who's there?" "Travellers." "What do you want?" "Pasture." "How many animals have you?" "Five." "Well! you may put them in my field at 10 cents per head." So it was not long before our mules were feeding, and we had a fire going, kettle boiling, and a piece of meat roasting over some red-hot embers.

Tea over, we made our bed under a big tree in the middle of the field, our saddles serving as pillows and the rugs as mattress and coverlets. We were soon asleep, but where had Pedro got to? We had not slept long, however, before we were awakened, and, sitting up, heard someone singing in Spanish, "Oh, the peace my Saviour gives!" When the singing stopped we heard a voice asking the woman if two foreigners had passed that way. We gave two or three shouts, and soon had Pedro with us. Raking up the nearly dead embers and putting the kettle on for Pedro, we listened to his tale.

He had been preaching in Trancas and did not leave till nearly sunset. The people who told us that he had passed had lied, but what is a lie to

these people? Pedro followed our trail until dark, then got off the track and wandered up a dry river bed, but believing that he was going out of the way he turned and followed some lights, and finally got into the village and through to where we were camped. Again we all lay down, and were soon asleep.

On opening our eyes next morning and looking round the field we saw only three mules, the three small ones. What had become of the two biggest and best? Had someone stolen them? On examination we saw a breach in the fence, and found just outside the marks of our two mules and a horse. One of us, with the owner of the field, went in search of them, and about three miles away found the animals quietly feeding. We caught the horse, and, leading it home, the mules followed.

At mid-day we again got a start, and at 6 p.m. neared Arenales, where we camped for the night. During the afternoon we photographed a large cross, whereon was written, in Spanish, "Un Padre nuestro, por el amor de Dios" ("An 'Our Father,' for the love of God"). This cross is only one of many hundreds you meet in South America, marking the grave of some departed soul, for whose benefit you are asked to say this prayer, which is supposed to help him out of purgatory. On some you see a horn hanging, and on others a tin with a slit cut in the top something like a money-box. These are placed here to receive your donations for the help of the departed one, the money going to

the priests, who will say masses for the said soul, the number depending upon the sum of money brought in. At the foot of this large cross is a box, in which candles might be burned, which would also benefit the soul, writhing in agony in the flames of purgatory. This is what is served up to these people by the priests as "Christianity."

Sixteen miles from Arenales we arrived at the town of Rosario de la Frontera, and camped near the river. Next morning Pedro went off to a village nine miles away, arranging to meet us at Metan. Mr. A. stayed with the mules while I went out to sell. In a short time I had got rid of 32 books, including one sold to one of two women who lived with the village priest. She knew it was a prohibited book, but said she would keep it out of the priest's way, as he would burn it should he come across it.

Not long after I saw the priest crossing the street, and asked him to buy a New Testament. He took the copy offered to him to look at, but, seeing that it was the prohibited book, tore it into many pieces, threw it into the road, and went away very angry, using rather abusive language. I went to the police-station, informing them of what had happened, and asked if he who should be an example to the people had a right to destroy other people's property and carry on in this unrighteous manner. However, I could get no satisfaction from the Comisario (Chief of Police).

In another small village, I was in a house, reading to the family, who showed much interest, and were just on the point of buying a Bible, when a knock came at the door, and a mounted soldier informed me that I was wanted at the police-station. I had to march up on foot before him, and just as I reached the "plaza" (public square) the church bells began to ring furiously, and soon every door and window was thrown open, and every eye was upon the prisoner. Reaching the police-station they searched me for fire-arms or other weapons, and finding none proceeded to take a bundle of tracts from me, which were immediately torn up by the Comisario; my valise of books was also taken. The village priest now came forward, and the following words passed between us. PRIEST (holding up a Gospel tract): "This immoral thing was placed in the hands of a little child to poison her mind." MYSELF: "It is not my desire to poison anyone's mind nor to put anything immoral into their hands. Will you read to us the immoral part?" PRIEST (very excited, and in a loud voice): "It is a crime, a crime, and must be punished." MYSELF (raising my voice also): "No, it is no crime to scatter the Word of God, and to propagate the Gospel of His Son; but it is a crime for you to hinder me in my business. Your Government has licensed me to sell books, and you come and try to prevent my selling and insult me in this manner." PRIEST (more furious):

"Send him out of the town at once," which order the Comisario obeyed. My books were returned to me and I was escorted out of the town by the armed soldier. Thus you see what power the priests of these villages have.

Another seven or eight hours' travelling brought us to Metan. It was already dark, and Mr. A. and I were jogging along one of the main streets when we heard Pedro's voice calling to us. We slept that night under an orange tree, and moved next day to a more convenient place. Our next step was to obtain permission to sell our "prohibited and condemned" books. The gentleman with whom we had to deal was very liberal and told us to "go ahead." So the three of us went ahead and sold very well.

We met with a few very encouraging cases, and had some good talks, but found very queer ideas among these people. Some have asked me if it is true that the English worship the sun. Another said that she believed there were three persons in the Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Virgin Mary. Others understand that the Popes are infallible because they are born in the same manner as Jesus was born. I know that they do not get these things from the catechism, but they do get them, and hold very fast to them.

A priest, in whose house I happened to be when someone brought to him a picture of a saint to bless, said to me: "That picture is only paper, glass, and wood, but these poor people are so

ignorant that they worship it." "I know that they are ignorant," said I, "and I know that they worship these things. I know, too, that you do not tell them that it is wrong. You prohibit them from reading the Bible, because they do not understand it; but why do you not teach them to understand this and prohibit them from worshipping wood and paper?"

In Metan we tried to get a hall in which to have a few meetings, but did not succeed. There was no doctor in this town, and as our hostess was "curandera" (curer), all work in that line fell to her lot. These people cure mostly by herbs, etc. They have one or two good cures for certain diseases, but most of the curanderas are frauds. While we were there, a patient came with a great gash in his head, caused by a man with whom he had been gambling.

Chapter IV.

METAN TO PAMPA BLANCA.

ST. ANTHONY IN THE TRUNK. PLENTY OF GAME. THE *Gaucho* MAKING *Charqui*. SAINT MONEY. A GOOD STROKE. JUJUY AND SALTA. DANGERS OF VOLCAN.

LEAVING Metan we struck out for Las Piedras, and sold on the way about twenty books.

Our next town was Galpones, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Mr. A. and Pedro started in advance, and when I caught up to them they had come to a standstill and were taking the gun from the pack-saddle. Pedro was about to shoot a few fat turkeys for dinner, but closer inspection shewed them to be old scavenger birds of the dirtiest kind! At sunset we arrived at Galpones, and camped.

On the way Pedro had sold a Bible for "saint money." In all South America the people may not know much about the Gospel, but they are very familiar with the "saints." When these country people get married, instead of buying a family Bible they get some saints and images. They have one of San Antonio, to whom they pray when they lose anything.

We met a man looking for three mules which he had lost. He said he had prayed to San Antonio, but so far had not found the mules. At

another house a little boy had been lost. San Antonio was placed on his head so that he might stir himself up to bring back the boy. When little Pascual did turn up San Antonio was put in his proper position once more. We stayed another night at the house of a woman who had lost a cow. She took San Antonio and *put him into a trunk*, saying that he would stay there till the cow was found! On this happening, San Antonio was taken out from the trunk and placed in his little shrine, a small silver coin, worth about threepence being put in with him as a reward for having "found" the cow.

They have images for everything. I have a list of thirty-three, but they have many more. If troubled with sore eyes they appeal to Santa Lucia, and for a good harvest to San Isidro, etc., etc. If their petitions are granted, the saints are rewarded accordingly. The money thus placed in the shrines of these images becomes sacred, and must go to the priest or the Church, and must not be used for any other purpose.

Well, I said that Pedro had sold a Bible for "saint money," i.e., money taken from these shrines. Sometimes when the people told us they had no money to buy Bibles, we were glad to take the chickens, eggs, maize, lambs, kids, etc., that they offered, and as a last resource we asked if they had no saint money, and in this way we sold a few extra copies of the Scriptures, but always after a hard struggle.

One day we approached a little hut, standing all by itself in the camp, A rather untidy looking woman, with a none too clean baby in her arms, stood under the verandah. She had just finished milking her herd of goats, and by her side was a kerosine tin, more than half full of milk. A dirty little kitten, evidently knowing what was in the tin, made desperate attempts to get to it. At last it succeeded, but in doing so by some means overbalanced itself and fell into the milk, where it struggled round until the woman took it by the neck, let the milk drain down its back and over its tail, and threw the luckless little animal on to the ground. The woman was anxious to buy a Bible, but not having sufficient money offered to make up the price with some of this milk or a piece of fresh (?) meat! Need I say, we preferred the meat.

We stayed two days at Galpones, but did not sell very well as most of the people had gone to Salta to the coronation of Our Lady of Miracles. The amount of valuable adornments on some of these images is almost incredible. We know of one loaded with jewels to the value of £2,000, and the miracles which these images work are wonderful? A mother saw her child fall, and, picking it up, found it to be quite dead. She then laid it upon the bed and paid a visit to one of these images, asking that the child might be restored to life. When she came home the child was sitting up alive, happy and contented.

Our last night in Galpones was very hot, and

not being able to sleep, we set off in the moonlight for Rio Blanco, which place we reached at 3 p.m. On the way we saw a deer, but the deer also saw us and got out of our way. We shot a number of times at some pheasants, but none would fall.

Pedro's pack-mule, Negro, got a fright through a big turkey buzzard flying too near his head, and taking a run into a bush went bang into some trees, knocking off her load. A broken strap or two had to be mended, and we were all right again. Just here an old man joined us who carried an image round his neck "for protection from thieves and sudden death," etc., etc.

At Rio Blanco we met the man who owned almost the whole of this district. At first he refused to sell us pasture, saying that he had not sufficient for his own animals, but in the end he took our mules and put them into a nice field of *alfalfa*, a kind of clover, which, once sowed, grows for thirty years, and can be cut about five times a year.

On either side of the road approaching this place is a dry, dreary desert, but where we were taken to camp was a perfect paradise. The secret of it all was a nice spring, which made us think of what Christ, the Spring of Eternal Life and Purity, can make of our desert lives. We stayed two days in this delightful spot; the only thing against it was the fact that no bread could be obtained. However, with some flour which we bought, and water, we made some dry scones in a pan,

which had to serve in place of bread.

Our pack-mule, Negro, had somehow got his hind-leg cut, but after doctoring him we made another start, and passing Chilcas we arrived long after dark at Pasaje, having to cross an old bridge, which is perfectly safe for riding over, but creaks badly with the weight of a mule, and in the dark, not having crossed it before, we naturally felt timid. There was only one large house in the place, at which we expected to get pasture, but were disappointed, so, going on a little further, we camped by the roadside, gave our mules a little maize, and lay down to sleep.

About midnight our mules were so crying out for pasture that we again saddled up and set off in the moonlight. We had not gone far before we found ourselves off the track, having followed a road which led to a little hut. Approaching the hut a number of dogs came out and saluted us. The awakened inhabitants then directed us to the right road, and also to water, which we were needing.

In these parts we have a wet and a dry season, about six months of each. The farmers here make "represas" (a kind of large dam) in which they get enough water during the wet season to last through the dry. Some of these farmers are kind enough to give travellers water for themselves and their animals; others make a charge of perhaps 2d. per head for each animal.

At daylight we arrived at a nice pasturage, and after letting our mules feed for a few hours we

continued our journey to Nogales, situated near a large lake. The owners of this place were very reluctant to sell us anything as the previous year had been very dry, but with a little of what Pedro called "engrudo" (praise), and a few extra cents, we succeeded in getting all we required.

At sunrise next morning Pedro might have been seen crawling along on his stomach, gun in hand, towards the lake, on which floated a flock of wild geese. Pedro had a great desire to taste wild goose, and had promised us a taste also; so we patiently watched him until he reached the nearest point to the geese. Then we saw two little puffs of smoke and heard two short reports. The flock rose, we looked to see how many were shot, but there were none. Pedro said that the powder was bad—a wild goose chase.

Here we saw a splendid bit of lassoing by the class of men called *gauchos*. The gaucho is never so much at home as when on horseback. He usually has a troop of horses broken in by himself, one of which is always saddled awaiting his master's pleasure. To have no horse to ride is, in his idea, the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man. The phrase, "to be on foot," has become incorporated in his language to express utter helplessness. His Sunday or holiday suit is a black, low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat; a gaudy coloured silk handkerchief round his neck; a striped "poncho" covering his body, and the edge of his wide and fringed under-trousers showing

Mode of Conveyance in Interior of Argentina.

itself above the calf of his leg from beneath his "chiripa" (or substitute for trousers). He wears high boots, to which are fastened a pair of spurs with rowels perhaps two inches in diameter. His saddle is adorned both before and behind with silver plates bearing his initials, and behind it he carries his lasso. His belt, perhaps six inches wide, may also be ornamented with silver coins to the value of as much as £20. He lives with his wife and family in a little hut of sun-dried bricks, with a thatched roof, made by himself.

His chief food, like that of most Argentine camp people, is meat, maize, and "maté." The maize is grown by either himself or his wife. When they kill an animal they cut the carcase into thin strips, dry it in the sun, and use it as required—in this stage it is called *charqui* (dry meat).

We left Nogales, passed through Cobos, and at 1 p.m. were in Campo Santo. As there was plenty of water here for irrigation purposes, pasture was not scarce. Our mules were taken to a large orange grove, where they got quite fat. The oranges were selling at 10d. per 100. While in a grocery store here I met a very fanatical woman with a child in her arms. I spoke to the child and stroked its head, remarking to the mother that it was very pretty. Immediately she asked the price of a New Testament, and bought one. I had been to her house that same day, and she nearly ate me for bringing to her those Protestant books, but stroking the little one seemed to have changed her

feelings. Between the three of us we sold in Campo Santo about forty copies of the Scriptures.

Our next town was Pampa Blanca. Here Pedro sold while Mr. A. and I fixed up the cargo boxes. Our host, one of the principal business men of this place, treated us very kindly. We made enquiries about a friend of ours, Señor Rohrsetzer, better known as Don Max, who was on his way from Bolivia, having been ordered out for the serious offence of preaching the Gospel. His train had just left, so we missed him.

You can go by train from here to Salta or Jujuy in an hour or two. Salta is about 930 miles from Buenos Aires, and has a population of some 40,000, a large number of whom are "arrieros," men who take cargo on mule-back to Chili and Bolivia. There is no messenger of the Cross here.

Jujuy is a pretty little town lying between two rivers, and surrounded by well-wooded hills. It is the most northern place to which the railway runs at present, but an extension is being made to reach La Quiaca, on the Argentine frontier. This contract was undertaken about eighteen months ago by an Italian, at a cost of about £1,500,000.

The road to Bolivia from Salta is called Quebrada del Toro, and pasture is abundant, but the population scarce. Rev. A. M. Milne and Francisco Penzotti went this way in the year 1883, and in their journey through Bolivia they sold 5,433 books.

The road from Jujuy is called Quebrada de

Idolatry in Salta.

An old Argentine Couple.

Humahuaca; this has less pasture but more population, and was the route taken by Mr. and Mrs. Payne in their different journeys. By this latter road you pass the Volcan, about thirty miles from Jujuy, having to cross the three rivers—Reyes, Sala, and Leon, which are dangerous when more than three feet deep, because of the swift currents and the large stones they carry with them. Between March and November they are low.

This road is noted for the daring deeds performed there through the war of Independence, especially by the "gauchos de Güemes," who became a terror to the Spaniards, as they actually took them prisoners by lassoing. The Volcan consists of many thousand tons of stone and mud, washed down from the high mountains in the wet season, until it has formed a regular mountain. At the top it is very narrow, only about 300ft. across, but near the river, at the bottom, it is more than three miles broad.

Mr. Payne writes the following about his trip through: "We left Jujuy on January 23rd. All next day we travelled through a beautiful country, well-wooded and watered, and all went well until we reached the Volcan. We were told that it had been casting out mud, stone, and water, and that the whole road was covered. To avoid this we followed a small track up the hill, but came to fresh mud and stones where Mrs. Payne's mule sunk to the girths; with difficulty we got it free, and then found a track where others had got

through, but it was so steep and muddy that I had to lead the animals over and carry Mrs. Payne and the children one at a time. Our mule-man, who had gone on ahead of us, also got stuck, but next morning he got all the mules together, except one which had wandered with his load. At last we found this one also, with his load underneath and his feet in the air!" (This was the wet season, hence their discomfort.) About fifty miles past Volcan lies the little town of Humahuaca, with a population of about 2,000.

The next stopping-place is named Negra Muerta, twenty-two miles further on. Mr. A., Pedro, and I did not enter Bolivia either by Salta or Jujuy.

Chapter V.

PAMPA BLANCA TO TUPIZA.

SUGAR PLANTATIONS. *Troperos*. A PRIEST WANTS THE BIBLE. A MOTLEY PROCESSION. CHIRIGUANOS. TOBAS. MATACOS. THEIR LIFE AND HABITS. A TROPICAL STORM. SINGING GOSPEL HYMNS IN A R.C. CHURCH. A DANGEROUS RIVER.

TWENTY-SIX miles travelling from Pampa Blanca brought us to San Pedro, named after our friend Pedro's patron saint; Argentine parents give to their children the names of the saints upon whose days they are born (every day is a saint's day). As Pedro and I had been selling along the way, Mr. A. got ahead with the two pack-mules and arrived first. In the middle of a river which he had to cross, one of the pack-mules, feeling rather warm, lay down in order to cool herself, not thinking, of course, of the books she was going to wet and spoil for us!

In San Pedro there is an English company of five brothers, who own a large sugar plantation and factory, and employ about 2,000 Indians. They are known far and wide for their hospitality to travellers and others. I do not know whether Mr. A. was aware of this, but anyhow on arriving in San Pedro he went straight to their home and

was received very kindly. Pedro and I arriving later met with the same reception. For nearly two weeks we stayed at this home and were treated very kindly indeed.

We went out one day to see the Indians cutting the sugar cane, for it was harvest time and everything was in full swing. While some cut the cane with long knives, the Indian women carried it to the little portable railway-line and laid it in heaps. Here, after the leaves and top-ends were cut off, it was thrown into little trucks, which were taken to the factory by a small engine, drawing twelve or thirteen trucks. We took a trip also to the factory, and saw how the cane goes in at one end and nice white sugar comes out at the other. The sugar, after being sewn up in bags, is taken to Pampa Blanca in big, heavy carts with high, broad wheels.

The carts are drawn by seven or eight mules, driven by a man who sits on one of the shaft mules with a good stout whip in his hand. He generally has a handkerchief over his mouth and nose, so as not to swallow the dust that rises from the road, which, during the dry season, is six or seven inches deep with it. The carts usually go in troops of from four to twenty. They travel about six leagues per day, starting at 6 a.m. and travelling till 11, when they have breakfast, part of it being a piece of beef stuck on a stick near the fire and turned round to cook. This is called "carne asada," and is a favourite Argentine dish. In the

Chiriguana Women.

Camba Indians, Eastern Bolivia.

Argentine "camp" very little baking is done, as they have no ovens—most of their food is either boiled or grilled.

The mid-day rest lasts about two hours, so when breakfast is over they pass the time by taking a "siesta." Some, not feeling inclined for this, will try the strength of their riding mules. Two mules are mounted, and to the back of the saddles a thick rope or lasso is fastened. The animals pull against one another, so that with each rider spurring and bawling at his mule, and the spectators yelling furiously, there is quite a little excitement. Some of those who do not fancy mule-pulling contests pass their spare time in gambling.

Gambling and Cock-fighting are very common things in South America. In nearly every town and village you may see little rings about three feet high and ten or twelve feet across. In these the cocks fight and bleed until they fall; even then they are sometimes picked up by their owners and held up to fight until they are completely exhausted, while the people stand round the ring greatly enjoying it.

Each of the troops of carts has a bugler, who blows a blast on his instrument at the start, and also when nearing their stopping-places. At night the men sleep on the road near their carts. To pass through a camp such as this at night-time causes a strange sensation. The carts each carry a weight of about 1¼ tons and a charge of about a

farthing per kilo for the distance is made. Each troop has a number of extra mules, which are driven on ahead by a little boy, and generally an extra cart-wheel is carried.

The Brothers Leach use a lot of mules in their sugar plantation, and told us that our two small ones, Pardo and Chico, would not hold out to Bolivia. They offered us two larger ones in exchange, which offer we gladly accepted.

A young priest in San Pedro bought two Bibles from us, and we had some nice talks with him. He told his people that we were Protestants, but of the right kind! He also invited me to hear mass; I accepted his invitation, but with the understanding that I was not to kneel down, etc. Some of the people, while hearing mass, kneel on praying-chairs, which are carried to and from the church for the ladies by their servants, the poorer people using mats instead.

After shewing me how he conducted his service the priest asked me to explain to him how a Protestant service was conducted. When I told him that we sang hymns, he wished to hear one as a sample, and I sang to him "I shall see Him face to face," in Spanish. He was so delighted that he asked for another and yet another. He then wished to copy them, but I arranged to send him a Spanish hymn-book with music, containing about 500 hymns.

It was in this town that a gentleman asked us if we had come to civilize the Indians or simply to

try and convert a few Roman Catholics who already had "religion." We replied that we had come to preach the Gospel, and that the Roman Catholics needed it just as much as the Indians. We knew it was true that the Roman Catholics had a religion, but did it make their lives any better than those of the Indians? "Well," said he, "if what you preach would make a difference in their lives, that is another question." So we told him of a few in whose lives a great difference had been made.

The Roman Catholics of South America need the pure, unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ just as much as the heathen in China, Africa or India. Not one in a thousand has the least idea of what spiritual or eternal life is, and the dozen priests with whom I have spoken were also sadly in the dark as to these things. One laughed at the idea of having communion with God, saying, "You must be a Saint then." Others have denied the existence of God, and I could say, through personal knowledge, far worse things about the previous priest of San Pedro.

Before leaving San Pedro we took our mules to the blacksmith; they were thrown on to their backs, and with their legs tied and sticking up in the air they were shod. On the way to Ledesma we met a procession carrying a large doll supposed to represent some Saint. The procession passes along the road, visiting each house. The owner of No. 1 house would accompany it to the next and

return. From house No. 2 the owner would accompany it to No. 3, and so on. They had two instruments of music, a drum and an accordion, the latter played by the leader of the procession, a young man with whom I had had some talk on a previous occasion, a foul-mouthed, immoral man. The procession consisted of himself, two other men, and a dozen women.

These processions are very common affairs here. Sometimes you will see two persons carrying an image, who are followed by two other devotees. I have seen many such, the performers being as a rule the dirtiest and most ignorant of the village, but you must bare your head when this "holy" concern passes.

In another town I saw a wooden image of Christ, with a long black beard, and great daubs of black paint on its face to represent bruises, and slashes of red paint to represent blood, a very ugly thing. This was being carried through the streets by an Indian, and people ran from all quarters to kneel down before it and kiss it.

In a house, close to where we met this procession, we asked them to buy a Bible. They said: "We did buy one two years ago, which was false, for shortly after we bought it the holy Fathers came and took it away from us, saying that the book was bad and immoral, and he who sold it had been put in prison." I told them that it was I who had sold them the book; I had not been put in prison, but the priests

had lied in order to frighten them, not wishing them to read it for fear of losing trade. They bought another copy, and promised to keep it out of reach of the "holy Fathers."

In another house close by, a fanatical Roman Catholic, to whom I read a portion of the Scriptures, got very angry, and leaving me at the door, went in to get his revolver to shoot me. But two ladies of the house held on to him and told me to get away, and not being particularly anxious to die after this manner, I "got away!"

Another fanatic, not far from here, gripped me by the throat and took out his knife, 14 inches long and two inches wide. Some of his companions, however, pulled him away before he could use the weapon. Needless to say, I felt rather scared on both these occasions, but my time had not yet come.

Ledesma has a population of perhaps 5,000 souls.

There is another large sugar plantation here employing about 3,000 Indians, so that between here and San Pedro there are some 5,000.

These Indians come from the Gran Chaco and Bolivia. They work from three to five months among the sugar cane, and then return to their own country.

There are several tribes, the most civilized being the CHIRIGUANOS, from Bolivia. These are more intelligent, clean, and of a happier disposition than the rest.

Their tribal badge is a small piece of metal, about the size of a shilling, called the *tembeta*, which is worn in the lower lip. When they are very young, their lip is pierced with an awl, a plug is put into the orifice, and at intervals turned round in order that the wound may not heal.

This opening is gradually enlarged by increasing the size of the plugs, and finally the *tembeta* is inserted.

There are several Roman Catholic Missions along the banks of the Pilcomayo River, and many of the Indians come from these. Some of the Chiriguanos know how to read in Spanish, and a few bought Bibles from us to take home with them. One of these once sat up and, by the light of a camp fire, read nearly all night. Others we saw reading as they journeyed homewards, but it is almost certain that nine-tenths of the books these Indians took home will be burned by the priests. I asked one Chiriguano what they were taught at these Missions. He said they were taught to *rezar* (repeat prayers). Do you repeat these prayers when not at the Missions? "No, not when we get away."

When questioned as to who Jesus Christ was, he thought He might have been some good man born in the Argentine. This was an intelligent Indian, one brought up in the Mission, but he knew nothing of spiritual things.

The TOBAS, another more warlike tribe, instead of the *tembeta* wear *orejones* (large pieces

Toba Indians, Argentina Chaco.—(*See page* 44).

Toba Indian Huts, Argentina, Chaco.

of wood) in the lobe of their ear. These *orejones* may be the size of a shilling, or even 2½ inches in diameter. It is difficult to realise that these large round pieces of wood are not simply hung to the ear as an ear-ring, but the flesh comes right round them. The ear is pierced and put through the same process as the lip of the Chiriguano.

The Tobas adorn themselves also with paint and feathers, and go about almost naked. They are dirty, savage-looking, and carry bows and arrows.

The MATACOS are warlike, and perhaps more dirty and degraded-looking, and of a sadder expression than the others.

The two latter tribes, while working on the sugar plantations, live in small round *toldos*, about 6 to 12 feet in diameter, the framework of which is made of branches and covered with sugar-cane leaves. They have no furniture except a pot, in which they cook their food outside the door of their *toldos*. At night they crawl in through the low narrow door and lie huddled together on the ground. These Indians are formed into villages of perhaps 50 or 100 *toldos*, and each village has its own chiefs.

There are sometimes risings among them, when they fight among themselves with their long knives and bows and arrows.

In Ledesma there are about 40 armed soldiers to keep these Indians in order. There had been a rising among them shortly before we arrived, and fourteen were killed.

Both these sugar factories provide a medical man and medicine for the Indians and treat them fairly well.

These Indians have no idols of any kind, and no idea of religion, except of a good and evil spirit and a future existence. When ill, they make a long strange wail and sometimes dance outside the *toldo* of the sick one, with a rattle to frighten away the bad spirit. When one dies they continue for several nights to make these sad wailing noises, and beat drums. We have slept close to a village where these things happened, and shall never forget the strange, sad sensation that came over us, as we thought of these sheep without a shepherd.

When the few months' work in the cane fields is finished, and sometimes even before, the Indians burn their *toldos* and return to their own country, where they live by hunting, fishing, and on wild fruits, chiefly the algarroba bean (upon which they say the prodigal son fed). When this is scarce they have to suffer. Mr. and Mrs. Linton and the Misses West and Mitchell hope to work among these people.

The owners of the factory were very kind to us, and invited us to dine with them. One, an Argentine, bought a Bible, and said it was a very funny book. "Adam lived so long and died; Noah lived so long and he died; what is the use of that?" he asked. We replied that he would live *so* long and he would die. He was reading it one

MATACO INDIAN.—(*See page* 45).

night in order to put him to sleep, but we told him that the Bible was to wake people up.

A priest here said "Well, you Protestants, wherever you go, are respected and loved, but we priests are evil spoken of and never respected even by our own people. Perhaps there is a reason for this." We left him a Gospel, hoping that his eyes might be opened.

Leaving Ledesma, we struck out for Oran. In the middle of a forest, 25 miles wide, we camped one hot day for dinner. Here we made tea with the water we had brought with us, but this was not sufficient to take away our thirst. A man happened to pass with two donkeys well loaded with oranges, and we were very thankful to get a number. We did not stay our usual two mid-day hours, because we had a good distance to go before night, and it was not very comfortable where we were camped, as thousands of little bees swarmed around us, covering our hands and trying to get into our mouths, eyes, and ears.

Oran was once the capital of Salta, but in consequence of an almost complete overthrow by earthquake 18 years ago it was depopulated ; now it is being rapidly rebuilt.

We were received very kindly by one of the best families here, who gave us a room to sleep in and one for our baggage.

We lived with them for a week, but they would not receive a cent from us. The lady hoped we would make many converts. We expressed

a wish that she might be among them. She had no faith in the priests, but believed all we told her of Jesus Christ as the way of Salvation, and said she would trust Him and read the New Testament we had given her.

We sold a number of books in Oran. The next three days after leaving it found us slowly plodding up a river-bed, every now and then crossing the river, which in places was over three feet deep, and wetted some of our goods. If we had not had a guide with us we might have fared worse. On the afternoon of the third day we came to the house of the Comisario of San Antonio, which was built halfway up the side of a mountain.

He did not wish to receive us, but we finally prevailed. The two previous nights we had slept in the river bed, with nothing but a black, threatening sky over us, and our mules had little or nothing to eat. The storm still threatened, but now we had shelter.

The Comisario had only one bedroom, so we made our bed on the ground in front of the hut, but when the large drops of rain came we were invited inside. About 9 p.m. the lightning flashed, the thunder roared like so many cannon, and down came the rain in torrents, making such a noise that we could not hear ourselves speak.

On each side of the river were high mountains, with a number of huts built like our own on the mountain side.

INDIANS OF THE CHACO.

When the storm had continued for some time we heard strange noises, and the neighbours rushed into our hut, saying that the mountain at the back was falling, and would sweep us, house and all, into the now highly swollen river, which was carrying with it large trees and great rocks.

After a while the storm abated, and we, more at ease, went to sleep. The river was still high in the morning, which prevented our continuing our journey.

Part of the mountain had fallen during the night, and below us were hundreds of tons of rock and mud. If it had come a little more to the right and caught our hut, the result would have been disastrous for our party.

We sold very well round this little village, which probably had not been visited before. The Comisario was pleased to have us stay another day. He put on Mr. A.'s great overcoat and gloves, and strutted bareheaded up and down, with his big, bare feet sticking out below, and was quite proud of himself.

He collected a crowd of Spanish-speaking Quechua Indians, to whom we sang till we were hoarse. They asked us for the "llapa;" it is the custom in Argentina and Bolivia, when buying anything, to ask for "llapa," something "gratis" or extra, as a present for having bought, but these wished for a "llapa" for what we had given them. They got six "llapas" before they were satisfied.

At night another large crowd collected to hear

the famous singers. I played a mouth organ while Mr. A. and Pedro sang. Afterwards we had a fine talk with them.

The people do not live here all the year round, but come in the dry season with some cattle to fatten, and occupy their spare moments in spinning and weaving ponchos, making saddle bags, hats, clothing, pottery, etc., which they sell on their return to the towns. They are Quechua Indians that we meet now.

Next day we set away for Iruya, but what a bad road! It was so steep in places that the cargo slipped right over the backs of the mules and got entangled with their hind legs, but the perpendicular or overhanging rocks of all colours, shapes, and sizes, were beautiful.

Iruya is famous for its ponchos and potatoes. A great number of ponchos are made here, and potatoes grow better than anything else. It is a queer little town. All the little windowless, chimneyless houses are whitewashed, as are the cemetery and church. This latter place has for a window a hole above the door with wooden bars across, and a piece of red rag in place of glass. We heard that the priest of this town was leaving in the morning for Tarija (a very fanatical Jesuit town, about 50 miles away) so when we were asked what our business was, etc., we kept quiet, for the priest often is a great hindrance to our selling. He hears we are coming, calls the people together, and informs them that

there are some foreigners in the town selling some immoral books, which they must not even touch.

We go out to sell, but doors are slammed in our faces ; we are called devils, heretics, and all kinds of bad names, and perhaps even spat upon. So we waited in Iruya till the priest had got well away. We had a letter of recommendation to the chief lady of Iruya, who employs over 70 Indians making ponchos, etc. We were very kindly received by her. She put our mules into her fields, fed us on the best of everything, mended our clothes as a mother would, and invited her friends—the chief people of the town—to come and hear our singing. So we had a fine meeting in her home.

She did not believe in the priests, and said we were the first young men she had ever met who really loved Jesus Christ.

Through her we were permitted to go to the church and, using the organ, sing a few Spanish hymns, such as "Come to the Saviour," to a number of people. After a happy week among these friends in Iruya we thanked Doña Juana for all her kindness and went on to Negra Muerta, situated on the usual road to Bolivia.

From here we went through Abra Pampa and across the cold, bleak tableland to La Quiaca, the most northerly town in Argentina.

Passing a river outside La Quiaca we entered Bolivia. The road now descended for about 30 miles, till we reached the river Suipacha.

In the rainy season this is a most dangerous

place, because of the quicksands and changing currents, and we were told of many thrilling experiences of some trying to cross, but just escaping with their lives and losing all their goods.

A few miles further on and we were at Tupiza.

C. T. W. W.

Chapter VI.

TUPIZA TO CAIZA.

By Will Payne.

TUPIZA. EARLY EFFORTS TO SCATTER BIBLE IN BOLIVIA. A TAMBO. PRIEST WITH FIGHTING COCK. PROFITS OF PARISH PRIEST. ROHRSETZER (B.F.B.S.) ARRESTED. COLPORTEUR MURDERED. CEMETERIES OF HEAVEN, PURGATORY AND HELL. QUECHUA GOSPELS. AGRICULTURAL INDIANS. CHICHA. STONE AND MUD BEDS. HOT SPRINGS.

IN 1895 a party composed of three colporteurs of the American Bible Society, Mrs. Payne, our little girl, and myself went into Bolivia. Most of the journey up to Tupiza was similar to that recounted in the last chapter by Mr. Wilson.

In Tupiza there is a Custom House, in which all goods must be examined that enter the country from the south. Many years ago the British and Foreign Bible Society sent Mr. Henriksen to Bolivia, but on reaching Tupiza he encountered such a storm of opposition from priests and authorities that he feared to enter, and returned to Argentina.

On his journey south he met Rev. A. M. Milne, the veteran Agent of the American Bible Society, who, accompanied by Mr. Penzotti, was going north. They were not deterred by the experiences of Mr. Henriksen, however, but pushed

on, and after some little delay at Tupiza managed to get free entrance with their books into the country. This formed a precedent, and now there is little difficulty for those who introduce Bibles from Argentina.

Some of our party put up here at a *tambo* (stopping-place), containing a bedstead, chair, and table. The owner of this *tambo* had been the parish priest of Tupiza, but his life was such that even Bolivians revolted against him, and he was relieved of his parish. The Tupiza church had been some fifty years in building. During this time mass was said in a very old mud structure in the centre of the square. Mr. Milne tells of having met the priest coming from the back door of this old church, at the close of mass, with a fighting cock under his "sotana," going with several others to try the merits of his bird. The reason why so long a period as fifty years was taken in building this church was that on three different occasions, when almost completed, a storm of lightning and wind struck the roof and left the building in ruins.

The present priest of Tupiza, we were told, arrived there without sufficient money to pay the Indian who accompanied him, but within two years he had found his position so profitable that he was able to buy up a large property in the outskirts of the town, and scarcely a house was put up for sale that he did not make an offer to purchase. Our after-experience in Bolivia showed us that this

instance was not an isolated one, as from the poor people the priests gather considerable wealth, and they are said to own at least a tenth part of the property of the country.

It was in this place in 1902 that Señor Maximiliano Rohrsetzer was imprisoned for a night because he attracted a crowd in the street. Several of the residents had wished to hear the Gospel from him and had come to the hotel, but the hotel-keeper, getting alarmed, turned them out into the street. Our friend Max then stood under a tree in the square and spoke to the crowd until he was arrested, but on the following day he was released and allowed to proceed on his journey.

In the district of Tupiza there is a quantity of mineral, to which reference will be made in a future chapter on mining.

One afternoon our cavalcade left Tupiza, our little girl travelling in a basket on one side of the mule, the other basket being filled with pots and pans. The troop of mules was guided by a boy mounted on one and leading a mare, on whose neck a bell was hung, and when at intervals any mule's load had a tendency to shift the muleman would cover the animal's eyes with a cloth, and allow the troop to continue travelling while he re-arranged the load. Immediately on releasing the mule she would start away at a good pace to overtake the troop.

Hour after hour we pushed on up the bed of the San Juan river, now only a narrow stream,

with a rocky, sandy bed from 100 to 200 feet wide, with mountains rising on either hand. During the rainy season there is considerable danger in travelling in these river-beds, as a small amount of rain soon becomes a roaring torrent, and the 200ft. of river-bed is completely covered. Several lives are lost every year in this way in Bolivia.

Two days' journeying brought us to Cotagaita. Some years ago a colporteur of the American Bible Society was taken, at the instigation of the priest, by some of the Indians, and killed, a short distance from this place. His body was brought back here and interred outside the cemetery between two graves, one, that of a murderer, the other of one who had committed suicide, no place being given for the burial of the heretic in "holy ground." Señor Rohrsetzer tells of visiting one of these towns, in which he found the cemetery divided into three sections; the "cemetery of Heaven" was the most expensive, interment in the "cemetery of Purgatory" being on a more reduced scale, while in the "cemetery of Hell" were deposited the bodies of those who had not paid the sum demanded by the priest. The position of the people's souls in the future state was thus dependent on the price paid for a resting-place for their bodies here.

At one place we saw the burial of an Indian outside a cemetery, his friends being unable to pay for a place in the "holy ground." The rude crosses around tell that his is not the only case.

Travelling Among the Andes.

At a Stopping-Place provided for Travellers on some Passes of the Andes.

We visited almost every house in Cotagaita, and found a number who could speak Spanish. An interview which Pedro Guerrero had with the priest of Cotagaita—when passing through on another occasion—showed that he was much above the average of his class. He perused a copy of one of the Gospels translated into Quechua, and said that he considered it a wonderful piece of work, although he was doubtful of its value throughout the whole Quechua-speaking country. To show the difficulty of holding intercourse with the Quechuas he stated that in the five chapels in which he said mass he was obliged to use a variety of expressions, some being understood in one and some in another district.

On leaving Cotagaita we found that, with few exceptions, everyone understood only Quechua. We passed village after village of these Indians, their little houses being perched on the sides of the river-bed, with their fields of maize, barley, potatoes, etc., around them. Sometimes these fields stretched from the river-bed to the summit of the mountains, every particle of soil having been taken advantage of, the whole forming to our eyes something like a piece of patchwork.

The men wear their hair in a plait down their backs, and a light blouse and short trousers, made from llama wool, cover the body. On meeting us on the roads they would take off their hats, saluting us with *Tatai, tatai* (My father, my father).

The Indian women carry their babies slung on their backs. Their dress consists of a piece of cloth wrapped round the body, with loose sleeves let in. They appear to be a most industrious people, and when driving their llamas or donkeys their hands are never idle, almost all carrying a small spindle, with which they make thread from the wool of the llama. At every house is to be seen a frame, on which cloth of many colours is made. Most beautiful "ponchos," or rugs, hang about their huts. They are also most ingenious in making things out of wood, ploughs and spades, spoons, plates, and needles.

We were forced to seek shelter in Indian huts, and some nights had to sleep in the open. These huts are, as a rule, full of all sorts of creeping things, and the Indians were not at first very willing to give shelter or sell food, but a little diplomacy, such as giving a piece of bread to the children, generally opened the way. They never have bread unless a traveller gives them some, but live for the most part on maize and beans.

They have over 20 different ways of cooking the maize. They also make a sort of beer from it, called *chicha*, and wherever the Bolivian is met, in any part of the world, he longs for his native chicha. In order to set up fermentation a number of women take the flour of the maize and chew it, spitting it out and putting it in a pot, in which it is allowed to boil for two days, kept in jars for a time, and is ready for use.

Some attempts have been made to introduce machine-made *chicha*, but it has never been as popular as the masticated. It is mildly intoxicating, but as it is consumed at the feasts together with large quantities of raw alcohol, a large glass of chicha being followed with a small cup of alcohol, the Indians soon become intoxicated.

Chapter VII.

CAIZA TO SUCRE.

POSTAS AND POSTILLIONS. INDIANS WEAR WINGS, ETC., OF SILVER AT FEAST. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. RARE AIR. CHURCH LET DOWN FROM HEAVEN. IMAGE OF CHILD JESUS. SUDDEN DEATH OF THE MAN WHO CARRIES THE IMAGE. INQUISITIVE QUESTIONING. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS. SUCRE'S SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

AT this stage of the journey we stayed at *postas*. These houses are built by the Government for the use of travellers, and are found every 15 or 25 miles. A posta is a courtyard enclosed all round by long, low buildings, made of sun-dried bricks, and entered by an archway. There might be six or eight rooms, all without windows, and doors about two feet wide and four feet high.

In each corner of the room is a sort of bed, about five feet by seven, and eighteen inches high, made of mud. On this we spread our rugs and blankets, and our eight to fourteen hours' ride makes us forget that we have no spring mattress.

In the centre of the room is a table, also of mud, and a candlestick to match.

When arriving at these places, the Indians

Postillions.—(*See page* 61).

here, who are paid by the Government, take your mules to the corral, and bring you hot water to make tea. This, with use of room, beds, etc., is free. But eggs, soup, etc., and barley for animals are paid for. Mules are also provided for travellers at a charge per mule of twopence for every three miles, and the postillion is paid one penny per three miles for running with the passenger and bringing back the mule. Thus the Indian receives one penny for every six miles he runs. He is never allowed to ride.

Along the river-bed we saw a number of mills driven by water-power, in which the maize is ground. Passing Toropalca we entered a narrower river-bed, and commenced to ascend more rapidly. At one place we passed a number of hot springs. It seemed strange to see the stream flowing from the hot springs, with water at boiling point, while three feet away the cold water flowed down. These hot water springs are to be found in many parts of Bolivia, and have been utilized in some instances by those engaged in mining pursuits, and in others for their curative properties, containing as they do a large quantity of mineral. I have partaken of eggs and puddings cooked in these boiling springs.

We soon entered Caiza. An illustration is given of a feast which I saw in this place, in honour of a figure of the Virgin. It is said to be of solid gold, being only about 12 inches in height, but the ornaments, paper flowers, etc., around it form a

shrine of from four to five feet high. The Indians gather for the feast, and some twelve of them put on wings, which are made on a wooden frame, covered with bright-coloured cloth; plates of silver are hung on their backs, and some wear breast-plates, knee-plates, and arm-plates, all of silver, the whole weight of silver borne by one of these Indians being not less than 100 lbs.

They have flutes made of cane, and drums, on which the hide of llamas is stretched; a few have tin plates, and all carry bells on the legs, the idea evidently being that the greater the noise the greater honour to the Virgin, and the greater possibility of her hearing their cries. This feast lasts for about ten days, resulting in great drunkenness and debauchery.

We were now about 13,000 feet above sea level, and our road lay over the table-lands, across which the cold winds sweep, and we, of course, suffered a good deal from the rare air, breathing being difficult. We chose the road going directly north to Sucre, while away on our left we could see the track that led to Potosi, to which reference will be made later on.

About 27 miles from Caiza we entered the town of Belen. It is formed of a miserable group of huts, gathered round a very large church, which is said to have come down from heaven in its present form, and several villages around had copied the architecture. The peculiar interest attaching to Belen lies in the fact that the figure of

QUECHUA INDIANS AT A FESTIVAL IN CAIZA. THE WINGS ARE OF SILVER.—(*See page* 62).

the Child Jesus, which is here worshipped, is supposed to have exceptionally miraculous powers. It is dressed after the fashion of the Bolivian President, its gold stripes, silver sword, and other gaudy adornments having cost at least 2,000 dollars. The whole figure is not more than 18 inches high.

At one time I stayed in the house of a man who was responsible for the feast of the year, in honour of this image. He told me that it would take him ten years' hard work to pay the debts incurred in carrying out this feast. The custom is to lay the image down at the close of the feast in the house of the man who has been chosen to undertake the expenses of the coming year. It is then returned to the church, and he is held responsible for the needs of the image, etc. This is the case with all the special images, of which each village and town has at least one, so that it is easy to understand the heavy burden the upkeep of these images involves on many men throughout the whole country every year. They must supply an almost unlimited amount of liquor, "coca," fireworks, etc.

On one occasion the Governor of Puna sent for this image that we mention in order that he might be cured of a serious illness. There was great drunkenness and excitement, and the result of the whole affair was not calculated to confirm their faith in its miraculous powers. The Governor got much worse, and had to be removed to Potosi

for a serious operation, while the man who carried the image fell dead during the drunken feast.

A few miles further on we reached Puna, and being the capital of a Department we found the usual officials. They crowded round us with numerous questions—our names, our country, our ages, married or single, our business, our relatives, etc., etc. This habit of cross-questioning everyone that is met is not perhaps out of unkindness, but rather from a curiosity to hear something of another land.

I have always found the best way to stop these questions is to have a similar series of questions ready to launch on the questioner. As long as I was able to keep up the cannonade he had no time to start his questions, and if I was able to proceed long enough he got tired and left me. It should be understood, however, that these same people have shewn themselves most hospitable to us in other visits, and several of them correspond with me on the subject of the Bibles that we left with them.

The day after leaving Puna we were told we might expect to reach Sucre. So an early rise was made, and before daybreak we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, our road winding zigzag down for about eight miles into the valley of the Pilcomayo. As the sun rose a most beautiful view presented itself. Mists from the valleys circled the hills that stood out like islands in a sea of white mist, and as the morning breezes arose,

Belen Image of Child Jesus.
(*See page* 63).

A Bolivian Priest.
At the time this Photo was taken he was Intoxicated.

the clouds rolled back, unfolding to us a great variety of colour of almost every tint of the rainbow, scattered among the hills. The deep green of the trees, the greyer tints of the sand, and the variety of colour attending the copper deposits, formed a most beautiful picture.

We had been glad to wrap ourselves in our thickest rugs in the early morning, but before mid-day we were almost in tropical heat in the valley.

During the day we passed some very fine houses and beautifully laid-out gardens belonging to the wealthier people of Sucre.

Here lives an ex-President, Pacheco; a little further on ex-President Arce, a man who has done more for the advancement of Bolivia than perhaps any other. During his presidency roads were opened up, surveys for railways carried out, postal communication extended, and everything that it was possible for him to do was undertaken. It is said that he owns more land than any other man in Bolivia, and can travel through most of the republic, sleeping in his own house every night.

Close by his place is the beautiful mansion of the banker Argandoña. He has accumulated considerable wealth, and immense sums have been expended on his residence called the "Glorieta." Recently he visited Rome, paying the sum—it is said—of 50,000 francs to His Holiness in order to get the title of "Prince of the Glorieta." Having built and endowed a home for children, he put it

in charge of Sisters of Mercy in the grounds of the "Glorieta."

An hour later we entered the streets of Sucre. We praised the Lord for having delivered us from many dangers in going up and down steep mountain tracks; along the edge of precipices, where a false step of the animal would have hurled us hundreds of feet below; also through deep rivers, where turning to one side or the other might have meant our sinking into quicksands. On one occasion a loaded mule turned aside and sunk almost out of sight, but being carried by the rapid current into shallower water we managed to secure her and the load.

SUCRE FROM THE WEST.—(*See page* 67).

Chapter VIII.

SUCRE (or CHUQUISACA).

Is Sucre the Capital? Buildings. Water Supply. Lack of Sanitation. *Gente decente.* *Cholos* and Indians. Fashionable dress of the Upper Class. Tailors, etc., at work on Side Walk. Pearls. Religious Festivals. Carnival. Reseño. "God dies and lives again." Bibles Seized. Threats of Persecution.

SUCRE—or as the Indians call it "Chuquisaca"—has always been considered the capital of the country, and though the Government of Bolivia followed the system of calling Congress together in different towns at intervals, thus allowing each place to have a share in the business that accrues, yet they always returned to Sucre as their headquarters up to the year 1898, when the revolution broke out which resulted in placing General Jose Manuel Pando in power. La Paz thus gained the ascendency, for its inhabitants assisted Pando to overthrow Alonzo and his Sucre troops, so from that year Congress has always met in La Paz. The President holds office for four years and is not eligible for re-election.

Sucre is situated in a hollow at the foot of two

high hills, and when approached from the north, is not seen until it is almost entered. Looking at it from the north-west it has quite an imposing appearance, the spires of its 26 churches rising up amid the red-tiled roofs. The beautiful palace and large theatre—both of which are still unfinished, although commenced a number of years ago—add to the architectural beauty of the place.

Since the year '95 great improvements have been made in paving the streets, etc., but much is still to be desired, and, with the exception of a few squares in the immediate centre of the town, the streets slope towards the centre. The houses are built on a large scale, most of them being the property of residents. They are luxuriously furnished, and have two or three open *patios*, which are prettily adorned with flowers, and in the centre of the patio there is usually a *pileta* or tank, into which the water supply is led. Water, not being over-abundant, is not allowed to run freely, and if you wish to fill a jug it is necessary to wait a considerable time for the tiny stream to fill it. On either side of the entrance there is usually a shop, occupied by a *cholo* (half-caste) and his family, whose business is carried on in it; all live, eat, sleep there, and as there is no outlet at the back all refuse is thrown on the street.

The municipal authorities are somewhat strict in the matter of having the streets swept at least once a day, the occupants of the houses sweeping their own frontage, and removing the rubbish to

CEMETERY OF SUCRE, WHERE THE COFFINS ARE PLACED IN NICHES.

the end of the street. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, one encounters many disagreeable smells, and care is needed to avoid being drenched with water that is thrown out from the houses. On reaching the outskirts of the city one must pass small hills, the accumulated rubbish of years, the stench of which is indescribable.

It is difficult to say what the exact population of Bolivia is. One of the most recent writers gives it at 500,000 whites, one million half-castes, and one million Indians; but this is only a rough estimate. It is almost impossible to take a census of the Indians as they fear taxation, conscription, and other burdens.

The people of Bolivia naturally divide into the three classes mentioned, each of which keeps itself distinct from the other in customs, dress, etc. The pure-blooded Spaniard—generally termed the *gente decente* or "decent people"—is as far removed from the *cholo* or half-caste as the *cholo* is from the Indian, and no difference of caste among the Hindus can be more strict than the dividing line between these. An Indian who would forsake his own peculiar dress and attempt to dress as a *cholo* would find a difficulty in being received by either class, and a *cholo* who has been well-educated and lays aside the short coat and baggy trousers of his class, or the *chola* who has changed her short, pleated petticoats for the Parisian style of dress of the *gente decente*, is always an object of scorn, and on all hands you can hear the term of

depreciation, *es un cholo entrajado* (he is only a dressed-up cholo).

As a rule the pure-blooded Spaniard is a well-dressed, extremely polite gentleman; very careful not to soil his hands. He is not addicted to any form of manual labour, and keeps around him a number of Indians and cholos to do all the work for him.

After one has travelled over mountain paths and along mule roads—which are almost the only means of reaching the interior of the country—suffering a thousand inconveniences among the Indians and seeing the life they lead in the little huts, it is quite a surprise to find that the gentlemen of Sucre are as particular to wear their tall hats and black clothes as the most exacting Londoner or Parisian, while the ladies are as well dressed as those in any part of the fashionable world. It is unnecessary to say that they are proud, for the fact that they carry Spanish blood in their veins is sufficient to indicate it.

The plaza of Sucre, when the band plays in the evening, is a sight not easily to be forgotten. Here gather the youth and beauty of the town; young ladies under the careful supervision of their mothers, aunts, or married sisters, walk round and round the square, meeting and interchanging conversation with numerous young men who are attracted there. The women of the better class learn little more than to read and write. They leave school at the age of 12 or 13,

Gente Decente CELEBRATING 6TH AUGUST, INDEPENDENCE DAY.—(*See page* 70).

after which they have no business in life but to adorn themselves, and to spend hours on the balconies, hoping to attract some eligible young man. No Bolivian lady can work unless it be at needlework, which is miserably paid for.

In most cases the young men look for money with their wives, so that if a girl is poor she has but little chance of marrying, although if she be pretty she will doubtless be offered protection on less honourable terms, and, in not a few cases, will accept the offer.

The young people are kept so carefully apart that even an engaged couple are never left alone. They marry without the least real knowledge of each other's character, and, as might be expected, the majority of marriages are unhappy. A girl once married thinks it unnecessary to make herself attractive to her husband or even neat and clean. She knows little, has read nothing, and takes no trouble to make home bright and pleasant. The husband expects nothing else, so he seeks his pleasure elsewhere, being almost invariably openly unfaithful. What a difference the light of the Gospel of Christ would make in these lives!

Speaking generally, from the *gente decente* come the rulers of the country, although a few of the cholos have risen to positions of importance. They live for the most part in the towns, only visiting their country houses for seed-time and harvest, when they indulge in a limited number

of baths, following strictly their doctors' orders. One lady remarked to us that it was no wonder her husband suffered from sciatica, because he washed every day!

Almost all retail business and skilled labour is in the hands of the *cholo.* He has few needs, and even when he amasses a large fortune is content to live in one room, squatting on the floor in preference to sitting on a chair. A large number of the *cholos* can read and write in Spanish, but there is a considerable percentage who speak Quechua only, and indeed the whole body of *cholos* always prefer to converse in the Indian tongue.

The *chola* women are very badly treated. They are the beasts of burden, the slaves of their lords, and it is seldom that they receive anything but blows in return. Even a bride of less than a month is not surprised at having her face bruised and blackened or a tooth knocked out by her newly-made "husband." The poor creatures sometimes say as a reason for their immoral lives: "Why should we marry to be beaten? One must endure the blows of a 'husband,' but when there is no marriage and life becomes too hard we can take our children and leave the man who illtreats us and he cannot force us to return."

Only too often the girl of fifteen or even less is already a mother, and no disgrace attaches to the fact in the eyes of her companions.

Scarcely a woman among the *cholas* can read, although they generally go to school for a year or two at least, but as their time is mostly spent in a parrot-like repetition of many prayers they rarely get much beyond the alphabet. Even if they do learn to read a little it is soon forgotten after they leave school, for they have no books, beyond, perhaps, a small book of prayers which they know by heart.

It is interesting to walk along the streets of a Bolivian town and see how all the tradesmen practically carry on their work in the street or in the doorway of their room. The tailors bring their little stools out on the sidewalk and sit with their sewing-machine or ironing-board on their knees. The carpenters place their tiny fires at the edge of the street in order to melt the glue, and pieces of furniture in course of construction are laid against the wall.

I have met with some fine characters amongst the *cholos*, but they are so given over to the enjoyment of their sensual passions that their finer characteristics tend to disappear. Drunkenness and impurity abound. It is no uncommon thing for a man or woman to be confined to bed as the result of yielding to anger, and, while no blows may have passed, fierce anger has so dominated the person that it ends in illness, which in some cases proves fatal.

Their dress is picturesque. The men wear a tight-fitting short coat ending at the back in a

V-shape, and their trousers are tight at the bottom and baggy above the knees. Both men and women wear the same sort of round felt hat. The women wear a peculiar style of short, pleated dress, opening down the front and sticking out at both sides. Each one needs about four feet of space so as not to crush her finery! The underskirts are of very fine lace hanging down below the dress. Many of the women employ their time in the making of this lace. The dresses are made by the men, who are to be seen working at their little tables in the doorways, pleating the skirts for the women.

All the women wear ear-rings, which vary from one inch to four inches in length, and are studded over with pearls. These pearls are very plentiful, having been brought into the interior from the Pacific coast in centuries past. They are set in gold or silver that has been mined in the country.

The *cholos* have great power, being more numerous than the "gente decente." Having a right to vote in political affairs the authorities treat them very much like spoilt children, who may burst the bounds of order if not humoured. For this reason, very rarely a law passes to which the *cholos* are opposed. The Quechua and Aymara Indians are engaged in manual work of all kinds, but a very limited number live in the towns.

Religion in Bolivia, to the observer at least, seems to be largely made up of processions and festivals. You may be quietly walking down the street when you hear a tinkling of bells. It is safer

then to step into the first side street, but if you are willing to risk hat and head, you may stop and look at the little procession as it passes on its way to administer the last sacraments to the dying.

A gorgeously-dressed priest, walking beneath a canopy suspended on four poles carried by four white-robed acolytes, preceded by another ringing a bell, is the central object, and up and down the street the people may be seen casting themselves on their faces, believing that GOD is being carried in the box by the priest. The *cholos* are good at throwing stones, and the irreverent head that remains covered at such a time is in no small danger.

Carnival is the escape valve previous to Lent in most Roman Catholic countries, but to see it in all its glory it is necessary to visit some of the towns that are little touched by intercourse with more enlightened peoples. All classes join in these celebrations, and some pretty sights may be seen, such as the beautifully decorated coaches driving past, with every spoke of the wheel and every detail of the body of the coach wrapped up in coloured papers and flowers. The occupants are busy throwing confetti, sweets, flowers, long paper-streamers, scent, etc., and not infrequently eggshells full of water, for the cooks have carefully preserved the shells for the year, and now find ready buyers among those who join in the play.

Everyone wears a mask, and all the world is on masquerade. Many receive injuries from rough

play and water-throwing at this time of the year, from which they never recover. Carnival occupies the eight days previous to Lent, when the festival concludes by what is called "The Burial," and a mock funeral takes place.

During Lent the churches are thronged every day, and as the time for the Easter festival draws near, the excitement increases. Many who hold aloof from Roman Catholicism during the rest of the year are now most devout, confessing and preparing for Good Friday.

In Sucre there are some special ceremonies known as "El Roseño," of which there are very few in any other part of the world. The Archbishop and *canonigos* come down dressed in black robes of about ten yards in length, with hoods covering their heads. They are escorted by lackeys dressed in green, with gold facings, and the students of the priests' seminary prostrate themselves on the floor while these long tails are beaten over their heads. Each *canonigo* passes in turn in front of the altar, while the Archbishop waves a huge banner with the ecclesiastical arms before him. When the eleven *canonigos* have taken their places at the head of the lines of future priests, their tails are laid on the velvet cushions provided, and the Archbishop salutes and receives salutations from each.

I turned to several of those who had been present to enquire what it meant, but nobody could give me any idea. *Es cosa de la Iglesia* (it is a thing of the Church) is the only reply I

Devil Dance in Roman Catholic Church.

could get. Later on I got a young man to ask one of the *canonigos,* and he said that he was not very sure what it represented, but supposed that it was in honour of the final triumph of the Church.

During one Lent season I went to the church to listen to the Wednesday sermons, intending to reply to them in the papers, in order to undeceive the people about the many lies that were told, but I received a message from the Archbishop through the Chief of Police, ordering me to desist from attending. I pointed out that the Church had its remedy if I behaved unseemly, but that it was impossible to prohibit an orderly listener. He counselled me to cease going as disturbances might be provoked.

As Lent draws to a close the fasts of Good Friday, etc., are entered into with great zeal. The people dress in black, and the general belief is that Christ being dead, any sin may be indulged in. The Romish Church commemorates the resurrection on Saturday, as they say they cannot allow another day to pass without the host being consecrated to provide for extreme unction in the case of dying persons. Thus on Saturday, about mid-day, crackers and rockets are let off, revolvers fired, and all the world is gay because "God lives again!" Then comes a week of drunkenness and vice.

In July, 1895, we found Sucre thronged with people; it was nearly impossible to find a lodging. Congress was about to meet, and the Government

had gathered together troops from various parts of the country to give an imposing reception to Dardo Rocha, the Argentine Ambassador, who arrived in that month to sign a treaty on the question of a possible conflict with Chili, who had been looked upon as Bolivia's constant enemy.

We were soon enabled to dispose of our five mule-loads of books, with the exception of a small box of Bibles. The ecclesiastical Governor then commenced legal proceedings against us because of the introduction of the "prohibited, false Bibles," and this small box was seized for examination. For several weeks I attended at the Courts but could get no final decision. A Canon of the Church, together with a merchant, was nominated to inspect our books, and in their report they stated that our Bibles contained nothing that was false, but lacked the apocryphal books.

The Judge evidently found himself in a dilemma; if he decided in our favour he had to face the Church's displeasure; if he gave the case against us he knew that the number of Foreign Ministers, etc., then gathered in Sucre, would hear of it, and he sent for me and requested me to leave the place. I pressed for a decision either in our favour or to the contrary, and he promised to give his decision on a certain day. We had already been delayed longer than was convenient, involving the continued expenses of the colporteurs, etc. When the day arrived I was obliged to leave for Oruro without receiving any decision.

Three years later I found myself again in Sucre, this time in company with Messrs. Clifford and Bathgate. We were able, immediately on arrival, to arrange for a meeting. I was happy to find that two young men, both lawyers, had been converted, one directly and the other indirectly as a result of our previous visit.

Our meeting was held in a room belonging to one of these young men. It had to be done quietly as public meetings of a religious nature were not allowed. We were twelve in number and great interest was shewn as we spoke and answered questions. With glad hearts we separated, hoping to meet again the next evening, but alas! one of the young men went home and told his mother, she went and told the priest, and he went to the archbishop (the former ecclesiastical Governor), all this in less than twelve hours from the time our meeting closed.

Things were by no means easy for our two young brethren, who were of good families, but there was nothing left for them but to come to our room at the *tambo* for the other meetings. In a few days we were obliged to leave because of some work in which we were engaged in the Argentine. How affectionately they said "Good-bye" to us as they went to their homes! They recognised the danger of being imprisoned, but were determined to go on quietly and cautiously for the Lord. Both of these young men are now in public positions far from Sucre. After our departure the

archbishop announced that he had compelled us to flee the country, and promised that no more *Protestantes* would be permitted to stay there. But in March of 1900 we again arrived in Sucre, this time with the intention of remaining until the question of our permission to stay was decided by the Courts.

Chapter IX.

SUCRE IN 1900.

A Prisoner examined as a Witness against himself. Arrested for holding Meetings. Calling on Archbishop. Favourable Decision. Priests try to incite Indians, etc. People afraid to buy from "the Devil." Child Slavery.

ONE of my first visits was to the Court-house where my books had been detained in '95. I found the small box still in the corner of the office after the lapse of five years. Revolutions had broken out, presidents had changed, judges had come and gone, but the box was still in the corner. However, on examining its contents I found that there were only a few books left. All over the public offices copies of my Bibles had been scattered, and I could not help feeling in what a wonderful way the seed had been allowed to be carried amongst the judges, lawyers, and clerks.

As soon as possible, after securing a house, we invited a few of our known friends in Sucre to come and hear something of the Gospel, and from house to house scattered tracts, Gospels, etc. We were not long before we were attacked by our old friend the archbishop, Taborga, and

on the 30th May, 1900, I was taken under arrest to the Courts. According to the system of legal proceedings in these countries, I was examined by the Judge as a witness against myself. He had a few tracts which he asked if I had scattered, and I was glad to be able to add a considerable variety to those he already held, feeling that it was an opportunity for placing the simple Gospel before him. Our meetings had followed the letter of the law, being held in private in our private room, everyone attending having been invited as a friend of the family.

I was soon allowed the liberty of living in my own house, and after several weeks I received word from the Judge that the case had been decided in my favour. The archbishop indignantly attacked the Judge for having given such a decision instead of condemning me to death or at least expelling me from the country.

Some of the simple, religious people of Sucre urged me to call upon the archbishop and explain to him what I was doing. They assured me that if he understood that my books and teaching were so good he would undoubtedly cease his persecutions. I went to his house and obtained admission to his office, in company with a Spaniard. As soon as he knew who we were, his anger knew no bounds. He threatened to throw me out of the house, and when I appealed to him that he should shew me wherein my books were false he said that his only intention

was to demand the carrying out of an article of the old code of laws which he read to me, to the effect that anyone teaching any religion other than Roman Catholicism should suffer the penalty of death.

He appealed to the Higher Courts, and after a considerable interval a decision was again given in my favour, with this condition, that if there was any question to be tried with regard to the papers we scattered, a jury should be called and a public discussion held on the matter. This, of course, was what we would have desired, as publicity is ever the friend of truth, but the archbishop would not think of such a proceeding.

In the meantime I had been allowed full liberty, and was able to travel through the country, visiting many towns and villages to the south-east and east.

Taborga's appeal to the Supreme Court had no better success, and he was now to pay costs for the whole fifteen months' action.

These legal proceedings had the effect of awakening considerable interest throughout the whole country, and on their favourable termination congratulatory messages arrived from groups of young men in several of the towns, many of whom were suffering from persecution because of their expression of liberal views.

Among the younger men there is a general willingness to listen to the Gospel, for, having read a little, they are better educated than the

women, and have long lost all faith in the religion of Rome, while the women are almost without exception devoted daughters of the Church, completely under the subjection of their confessors, who are amongst the lowest and most corrupt priests that could possibly exist. Although the women may be interested at first in the good news, after they have been to confession they draw back in horror from those whom their priest tells them seek their ruin, body and soul.

In one case a poor sewing-girl—a good, virtuous girl who spent most of her spare time in church, praying and weeping over her sins—listened to reading from the New Testament with tears of joy in her eyes, and said afterwards, as she herself spelt out a word here and there: "I must have one of these books which contain such beautiful and comforting words spoken by our Lord Himself, but I must ask my confessor first." Alas, after she had consulted him she looked half in fear at the Christian woman who had tried to bring the knowledge of Jesus into her longing heart.

About the close of these months of legal proceedings the priests evidently felt that they were likely to lose ground and commenced to threaten violence. Our poor landlady came to us in great trouble one day to tell us that she had been told by her priest that her house was to be attacked by Indians. I called on the Governor, a military officer, and he promised all

necessary protection. He stated that I must remember we exposed ourselves to considerable danger in doing anything contrary to the will of the priests. However, he sent an official letter to the archbishop, advising him of the necessity of keeping his priests in subjection, and that he would hold him responsible for any trouble that might arise. Things quietened down.

About this time I made an extended journey into the fertile Cinti Valley, from which a great quantity of wine is exported, afterwards proceeding to Jujuy in order to send our elder daughter to England for schooling.

When I got back to Sucre (having ridden 1,500 miles in six weeks) I found Mrs. Payne had been dangerously ill with another attack on the lungs. She had not been able to communicate with me, and felt her isolation very much. Slowly, and with great care she regained strength, and it seemed to be the Lord's mind that we should leave Sucre. With this in view we sought to dispose of the few things we had gathered, but the people were afraid to come into the house to see them as the priests told them that the "devil lived there." However, at last we sold out, and looked for animals or other means of travelling. A coach came from Argentina, and we tried to arrange to go by it, but the owner asked £80 for the journey.

Finally we decided to go to Challapata, a town on the railway, to the Pacific coast, and from

thence to Oruro. The long road to Challapata was in a very bad state from the rains. Several persons had been caught in the rivers during the few days previous and drowned.

During those days in Sucre, when walking in the streets, I received a proof of the Lord's care over us. A man employed by the archbishop attempted to induce the "cholado" to attack me, calling out in a loud voice for the people to "lynch this man," who had disturbed the religion of the country. He followed me for some distance, and a large crowd quickly gathered, but the police arrested him when trying to strike me.

Two years previously the crowd would have joined in against us, but by this time many had their eyes open to Rome's devices, and though not willing to follow Christ and to give up their sins, they were fast losing confidence in Rome.

I must here mention the custom of buying and selling children that is to be met with in Bolivia. The three girls in the illustration were purchased for about £2 each, and are held by their owner till they reach 21 years of age, during which time they are compelled to work in the house, receiving their food and clothing in exchange. If they fall into the hands of a kind master or mistress they have an easy, happy time, and in a few cases are taught to read and write. Should they, on the other hand, find a cruel owner, there is nothing to prevent their suffering very much like the slaves of other days.

THESE GIRLS WERE PURCHASED FOR ABOUT £2 EACH AND REMAIN THE PROPERTY OF THE BUYER TILL THEY REACH THE AGE OF 21 YEARS.—(*See page* 86).

These children are sold by their parents when young, and sometimes never know their father or mother. How often we have seen the blood flowing from the head of one of these girls, the result of a cruel blow with a strap, because she did not move quickly enough.

Chapter X.

SUCRE TO POTOSI.

DIRTY POSTAS. *Binchucas.* FARM INDIANS. *Pongos.* CUSTOM OF GIVING ALCOHOL TO INDIANS. INDIANS LIVING IN VILLAGES. IRRIGATION. CONTENTS OF HUTS. INDIAN'S LOVE FOR HIS ANIMALS. BURIED TREASURE. POTOSI SILVER MINES. THE MINT. MARKET PLACES.

TO the west of Sucre we had a journey of about 90 miles to Potosi, and met very few on the road who could speak Spanish. The *postas* were extremely dirty, and abounded in *binchucas*, a bug about the size of a cockroach. Perhaps the *posta* of Quebrada Honda has more of these insects than any other in Bolivia. As soon as the light is extinguished they come out on the walls or drop from the ceiling on to the bed. They sit on the pillow, and stretching out a little feeler, suck the blood of their victim!

The Indian of these districts is easily approached in his own language, even if poorly spoken, and although accustomed to receive hard words and blows from the upper-class Bolivian, he is quick to recognise kindness. For the traveller who attempts to make his way through the country without a knowledge of Quechua,

Stall in Market Place.

the most common reply is *mana canchu, i.e.*, "there is nothing."

We passed a number of farms in this district, and had an opportunity of seeing the customs among these farm Indians. A farm rises or falls in value according to the number of Indians living on it, but they cannot be said to be slaves. In many cases they owe money that has been advanced by the owner to enable them to buy animals, seed, etc., but if this is paid off they are free to go elsewhere. Their great love of home prevents their wandering to any extent, and only when very badly treated can they be persuaded to move.

I have again and again had the offer from men in Oruro to bring Indians from other farms, at a small charge per head, and establish them on any farm we wished, payment to be made after the Indian had built his house and commenced to plough. The farm Indian is perhaps the happiest of his class in Bolivia. He is to a large extent free from interference by the owner, who lives away in a large town, only visiting the farm at seed time, to make sure that the *obligacion* of the Indian is performed, and at harvest time to receive his due. The Indian must perform his *obligacion*, which consists of the ploughing, sowing (the owner providing the seed), reaping, and bringing in barley and potatoes from a certain amount of land, varying according to the size of the farm. On an average, six acres of land are cultivated for the owner by each Indian.

The colony must also provide firing and one Indian (a *pongo*) for the owner's house. The *pongo* cooks and serves generally for about a month, returning to the farm at the end of that time, and another taking his place. The Indian also tends the sheep of the owner, and in exchange for the liberty of grazing his own sheep he must give one sheep a year to his master. In return for fulfilling this obligation, the Indian can plough and sow as much land as he is able for his own use, and any further service demanded by the owner must be paid for.

There is a prevalent custom of giving alcohol to the Indian on all feast days, on the breaking-in of animals, at the commencement of sowing reaping, etc. Failing this, the Indian simply refuses to work. I remember one who quietly informed us that without alcohol no bullock was ever known to plough! The custom is to receive the allowance of alcohol, sprinkle some on the tail of the bullock and upon the yoke, also on the four corners of the field, and then to drink the remainder and start ploughing. A similar performance goes on at sowing and at reaping time. Every undertaking is a reason for drunkenness.

The Indians do not live in farmhouses as we understand the expression. They group their dwellings together in small villages, and when their number reaches about 200 a priest comes amongst them and a church building raises its steeple. One priest supplies his services in perhaps six or

even twelve of these villages and churches, his principal visit being for the special feast of the village. This parish priest receives a salary from the Government, and, in addition, at each special feast the Indians bring their offering of wine or maize from the valleys, and sheep, barley, potatoes, etc., from the mountain sides. The priest will not say mass until the offering has been brought.

The rugged and stony nature of the country renders the work of agriculturists very difficult. To cultivate places inaccessible to animals, the Indian obtains the ready help of two of his companions, who harness themselves to the plough.

The agricultural implements of the Indian are very rude. His plough is the rough branch of a tree, with an iron point, which, of course, does little more than scratch the soil. The spade is a piece of similar material, carved and burnt out to form an oval, about three feet long.

No ploughing can be done until the rainy season sets in. Every drop of water that can be saved is used for irrigation purposes, and little aqueducts are carried along from the side of the river-bed with considerable labour and ingenuity. Tunnels are cut through the cliff to overcome the irregularities of the hillside.

When an Indian sows, reaps, etc., all in the district gather to help him, so that when travelling through the country at these seasons one constantly comes upon numbers of Indians, sometimes hundreds working together. A splendid opportunity

is thus presented for one who can speak the language to preach the Gospel. They never allow a traveller to pass their fields at such times without some of their number coming to salute him and offering him a drink of *chicha*. This kind of itinerating work seems to me to be one of the most hopeful for the evangelization of the Indians, while in their present condition of subjection to the priests.

The herding of the sheep is a work generally falling to the lot of the women and children. When on the road travelling or whenever her hands are free from other work, the Indian woman is busily engaged in spinning wool taken from their sheep and llama, and at every house may be seen a small frame on which they weave their cloth and blankets. They are very fond of bright colours and dye their wool for this purpose.

Approaching the houses of the Indians of this class, one encounters a mixed gathering of hens, dogs, pigs, donkeys, and occasionally mules. Very few of the houses have windows. The interior of the room is thus very dark, but when one's eyes become gradually accustomed to the gloom a number of articles are discerned hanging round the walls and stored in every corner. Here are freshly woven blankets; there the fruit of last year's crop; yonder a pot of *chicha* fermenting from the last feast. When leaving the house at any time they are careful to lock the door, and for this purpose have a wooden lock which shows considerable

INDIAN WEAVING.—(*See page* 92).

mechanical genius. The key is a small piece of wood about three to six inches long, with a series of niches corresponding with the wards of the lock, and without the key it is almost impossible to open the door.

It is very difficult to get the Indian to kill any of his animals for food, and the only time they eat llama flesh is when one of them dies. They weep to see their animals killed.

At Bartola recently a considerable amount of buried treasure was found by a muleteer. The Indian, being careful of money, will do almost anything rather than spend five cents, and all the result of his work of cultivating the soil is turned into silver and buried in the earth. For this reason everyone is on the watch for finds of this kind, and many are the stories told of the appearance of lights over the place where the silver is buried. During later years the Government has issued a quantity of nickel, which is also embedded and must now be turned to dust.

When an Indian dies he frequently omits to give information to his relatives about his buried treasure, and so the money is lost.

Potosi is a most interesting place, and lies at the foot of a famous silver mountain bearing that name. There are over 4,000 mine entrances on the hill, some of them situated nearly 17,000 feet above sea-level. It is said to have yielded more silver than all the other mines in the world. From 1545 to 1805, metal to the value of

1,100,000,000 dollars (Bolivian) was the registered output, and with what was stolen, the total sum is said to be 2,000,000,000, which would be in the coinage of to-day about £14,000,000 sterling.

A Bolivian woman is said to have first discovered the silver in this mountain. Her name was Diega Hualca. While wandering in search of some goats which had strayed she slipped, and to save herself from falling laid hold of a bush which, coming away with her weight, brought with it a mass of metal that was almost pure silver. It is said that at one time as much as £2,000 per day was extracted. There are still large silver deposits here, but owing to the low price on the market there is not much work done now.

In Potosi is situated the National Mint, which has for several years been under the supervision of Mr. Robson, an English engineer. The building covers 20,000 sq. metres, and shews the remarkable work done by the early Spaniards. After the lapse of about three centuries the building still stands without any sign of decay. The beams of the roof, some of them measuring 14 inches square and 30 to 40 feet long, are of cedar, and owing to the dry atmosphere present the appearance of having been recently cut down. This timber must have been brought at least 400 miles over high mountains, across deep rivers, and along sides of precipices, and many Indians must have laid down their lives in this work, but of their number there is no record.

A Quechua Fruit Seller.—(*See page* 95).

The water supply of Potosi comes from some small lakes on the tableland behind the hill. In the immediate neighbourhood there is very little vegetation, and at such a great altitude—almost as high as the top of Mont Blanc—one suffers from the rarified atmosphere.

In the market-places of both Potosi and Sucre, a large variety of fruit can be purchased. The Indians also bring in from the surrounding valleys potatoes and vegetables, firewood, etc. In these market-places there are stalls, and clothing, boots, sugar from Santa Cruz, coca leaf, coffee from the valley of Yungas, meat, etc., can be bought. The women squat in front of their stalls, spreading out samples of their wares round them on the ground, and it is almost impossible to get them to rise up, but they allow the would-be purchaser to lift up the article he needs.

Chapter XI.

POTOSI TO ORURO.

INCA ROAD. COLQUECHACA. *Misas-Chicas.* CANDLEMAS. DEAD INDIAN. CHILD'S FUNERAL. *Llameros.* BOLIVIAN RAILWAY.

FROM Sucre there is another road to the west, which is a more direct way to the railway line, and joins the road from Potosi. On this other road there is a good sample of work which was done by the Incas, previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. On the second day of our outward journey we passed over this famous Inca road, which is paved with great stones in the steepest parts. The character of two of the hills can be guessed from their names—*El Infernillo* (the little hell) and *El Purgatorio.*

These roads excited the admiration of the early conquerors, who had never seen anything like them in Europe. One of the longest extended across some very difficult mountains for a distance of 1500 miles. It was six yards wide, level and paved. Rocks were broken through and levelled; ravines were filled up, while great rivers were spanned by rope bridges. A little farther on we passed close to Colquechaca, where another notable silver mine is situated and where some thousands of men find employment.

The people are much given to drunkenness. The men work twenty-four hours in the mine and are out twenty-four hours, which system is followed to prevent thieving, a careful examination of the miners being carried out on their leaving work. Despite every care large quantities of metal are stolen.

At no other place in the world have they found such deposits of *rosicler*, which contains about 95% of pure silver, and when moisture is applied it bleeds. There are a number of smelting-houses which work *stolen* metal; it is impossible to procure any other locally, as all product of the mines is contracted for by large buyers and sent out of the country.

At these mining camps religion is the excuse for many feasts. Four days per week is the average time a man works, the other three being spent in festivity. All through the year feast succeeds feast in rapid succession, and at any time you will find the people preparing for a feast next day. It is difficult for a foreigner to see where religion enters into these festivals, *i.e.*, as far as outward manifestation is concerned.

I spent the earlier months of one year in Colquechaca and had the opportunity of seeing the people celebrating a number of *misas chicas* ("little masses" for the Child Jesus). These occupy the time from Christmas to Carnival. Everyone who possesses an image of Christ as a child is supposed to provide a feast during this time. A

band of music is procured and the little image is decked out with pearls and gay flowers, and carried to the church in front of a crowd of neighbours. A mass is said, and then the figure is taken home amid great rejoicing. The *chicha* jar is full; the alcohol of forty degrees of strength has been purchased, and a scene of drunkenness and debauchery begins that is difficult to describe.

As long as they can stand they dance and sing, and when things get very bad the Virgin is covered up, so that she may not look on everything that occurs. Everyone is welcome, and he who would refuse to drink is looked upon as an enemy of the Child Jesus! There are many figures representing Christ as a child in every town, and so during these five to seven weeks there are opportunities for at least a dozen of these feasts in different parts every day.

On January 31st and February 1st there takes place in all the churches a sort of preparation for the feast of Candlemas on Feb. 2nd. I remember attending one of these services, when the priest waxed eloquent on the virtue attached to joining in this feast. The people are taught that on this day the children who died without baptism and are in *Limbo* can get a little light. It is the feast of the mothers, and this priest urged upon the poor people the necessity of coming to the church with their candles. "Do not be so many pieces of stick; come and bring your candles and think of your poor dead children

awaiting your candles to get some light; prove your faith by your works and bring your candles."

His words had the desired effect and the next day saw the crowd arriving with their offering of candles for the "Virgin de Candelaria." There were little candles six inches long and big candles six feet long, with all the varying sizes between. The sale of this holy grease is a mine of wealth to the priest.

Leaving Colquechaca we met a group of Indians carrying a dead body. They had already come some distance and were bearing the dead one towards his native place for interment. It was a most pathetic sight to see them with such a burden. The body was bound round completely and was made quite stiff; the burden was balanced on the heads of two or three of the number, their companions running by their side and relieving them in turns.

The Indian families are rarely numerous, the mortality amongst the children being very great, as they are utterly neglected during the feasts. As is always the case where the knowledge and love of Christ is absent, human life has but little value, and the death-rate from dirt, neglect and ill-treatment among children under two years old is enormous.

The death of a baby seems to cause sorrow to no one, even its mother dancing and drinking beside the tiny coffin without a sign of feeling. Sometimes the body is let out to someone else for

a night, as it is customary for the friends and neighbours to buy drink for each other in the house where the corpse is lying, so the possession of one means gain to the vendor of drink. Usually the mother is never separate from her *guagua* (baby). The child is tied in a rug and carried on her back.

Another reason for small families is the fact that as the children grow up they very soon marry and form their own homes, girls marrying at 12 or 13 years of age.

We frequently met with Indians driving their llamas in this part of the country, the trade from the coast to Sucre being considerable. These llamas are about 4ft. 6in. high, carry about 100 lbs. weight, and travel some ten miles a day, the brushwood on the hillside providing sufficient food for them. The Indian is very careful of his llama when travelling, and will often carry a heavy load all day long rather than overload a weak animal. He will also do this with a donkey or mule, and never thinks of riding himself. Most of them carry some musical instrument with them.

The Indian is very fond of music, and is possessed of a great variety of instruments. One may be made from the shell of some animal of the armadillo family with gut stretched on it, another may be a long flute, or an instrument of eight reeds. When there are a group of them together, their instrumental music is accompanied by a drum, and the result can be better imagined than described.

Water Carrier.

Perhaps if the reader came across a group of these musicians the propriety of speaking of "music" in connection with the noises they make would be doubted! They never tire of playing and singing, and are very much surprised if you request them to stop!

Before leaving Colquechaca I went to see a small chapel on the hillside which was attracting a good deal of attention. It had been built around a rock on which a figure of Christ was said to have come miraculously during a night. When we went to see it there were a number of ornaments hanging all over the stone. A crown had been fastened on the head, and a quantity of paint had been used in order to fill in hair, etc.; the artist had been original in his design, as the face bore no resemblance to any figure of Christ that I have seen in any other part of South America. At one church I visited I found a black-faced figure of Christ and the Virgin, some of the darker-skinned people believing that they must have been black.

The last 60 miles of the journey from Sucre to Oruro can be accomplished in a railway train. What a change after these many miles of weary jogging along on mules, and how our hearts filled with joy as we rode out of the valley on to the open plain around Lake Poopo, where the railway passes! The train had left the Chilian coast at Antofagasta three days before, climbing up in sections the steeper grades near the Pacific Ocean. Passengers have to alight at nightfall and get

lodging at an hotel, continuing their journey at dawn. The railway is a 2ft. 6in. gauge, and as the engines are of North American construction, with large boilers placed high in the air, some trouble has been experienced from their turning over. However, during later years these accidents have become less frequent. The tariff charges for goods by this railway from Antofagasta to Oruro, a distance of 1,000 kilometres, are very high, and all commerce suffers accordingly. It is hoped that when the railway is taken over by the English Company who own it and have rented it to the Huanchaca Mining Company, there will be some reductions.

...s Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell.

Arch. Reekie.

...tledge. Mrs. Routledge.

Size of the Canadian Baptist Missionaries.

(*See page* 103).

Chapter XII.

ORURO.

First Gospel Tent in Bolivia. Red-hot Irons for the Colporteur. Millions of Indians caused to die. *Tinka* for the Indian. The "Heart Eaters." Carrying capacity of Indian.

ORURO, 12,500 feet above sea level, is situated at the foot of a group of hills in which a large amount of silver has been found. The country around is absolutely barren. There are only two trees in the public square of the town, a willow and a peach tree, which are carefully covered at night.

The population once reached 160,000, but is now about 16,000. The climate is very trying, and most of the year the place is swept with fierce winds. Oruro being the terminus of the Railway, and in constant communication with the outside world, its people are more liberal than those of most Bolivian towns.

We were here met by the workers of the Canadian Baptist Mission, who have been engaged in school-work and have sought to make known the Gospel as opportunity offered.

Mr. Archibald Reekie, the pioneer missionary of this band, came to Bolivia in 1896. Their other

stations are held by Mr. Chas. Mitchell and his wife in Cochabamba, and Mr. R. Routledge and Mr. Archibald Baker in La Paz.

These missionaries, having acquired the language and gained the confidence of the people, are now desirous of being set free from school ties, to engage entirely in visiting and preaching, and hope that soon some school teachers may come and relieve them. Maximiliano Rohrsetzer had been sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and reached Oruro a short time before us. Together we continued meetings in the Baptist School-house, till it soon proved too small for the numbers who wished to come. The only available room was far too small for meetings, so we set to work and made a tent to seat 200 persons, and for about six weeks it was full to overflowing, with a quiet, orderly crowd. Some professed to get blessing, and we were rejoicing at the glorious prospect for this poor country when the evil one set to work, and we were obliged to stop the meetings.

An attempt was made to set fire to some stabling behind the house where we had our residence, and near which was the tent. However, the fire was put out after the stabling was burned, and before it spread to the house. The owners took fright and begged us to leave; we found it impossible to get another suitable spot for the tent, but we were allowed to remain till we found another place to live in.

The Baptist brethren then commenced to put

View of Oruro with the Negro Pabellon Mountain in the Background.

up a building, and soon had a room finished which suited for meetings; in this place the gospel is now preached regularly, and Mr. Reekie is seeing blessing.

We had plenty of exciting episodes here. One day while out visiting I was attacked by several cholos, but passed through them. Next day, while Don Max was offering his Bibles for sale, the same people came out and tried to get him to repeat a creed, etc. He took advantage of the crowd to preach the Gospel, and soon they wanted to stone him, but the police came on the scene and arrested a number of those who tried to make a row. Max was kept a prisoner for several hours to protect him from the fury of the mob, some of whom had heated irons to run him through.

The priests circulated the usual lies about us —that we kept a figure of Christ on the Cross, and every night spat on it and beat it, and also ill-treated the image of the Virgin. The poor ignorant ones, believing these stories, are easily aroused to any evil deeds, but the Lord gave us an entrance among a great number of them, and almost all who heard the message became friendly to us, although they did not accept Christ as their Saviour; the love of sin was too strong in them. I do not think I ever came across a greater amount of vice than that which we had around us there, and the priests headed the list!

The Governor of Oruro was very strict, and

soon put a stop to the inciting of Indians by the priests. During the feasts of Easter a special order was issued to all the priests to preach against the Protestants. The only effect that we noticed was an increased attendance at the meetings. The Thursday and Friday of so-called "Holy Week," when Christ's image lay in a coffin and was carried through the streets ("God being dead," according to their priests' teaching), was the time for robberies; someone came to steal from us, but only got about fifty dollars' worth of building material.

The climate proved rather trying, so we were obliged to seek a lower place, and decided on leaving for Cochabamba. Before we left there were some cases of much interest, especially among the women. The people move about continually, as work may offer at the mines, etc., and so when they hear a little truth they carry it in their travels. A man and his wife arrived here some time ago, and both had found peace through simply reading a Testament which was given to the wife six years previously.

The man at once commenced preaching at the mines where he lived, but was so persecuted by an Englishman that he left for a small village some leagues away. While they were there, Don Max passed, selling Bibles, and told Antonio (that is the man's name) about the meetings in Oruro. The wife said, "That is enough; we will go and hear the Gospel." She got ill on arrival and was

ORURO MARKET.

in hospital. The nuns said "You must confess." "No," said she, "confession should be voluntary." "Oh! but it is Father———" "No," said our sister," I have only one Father in Heaven." "Then you will light a candle to a saint?" "Light burns here in my heart, and saints need not our candles, and" said she," from that day the nuns conspired to almost starve me." Her husband then took her out, a living skeleton.

Such are Bolivian hospitals! We pity any poor soul who has the misfortune to get into the hands of these creatures, who seem never to have tasted love, human or divine. This woman died later on at the house of Mr. Reekie, giving a good testimony up to the end. Her favourite hymn was "Oh, think of the home over there!"

As the only legal marriage here is by the Church, some who attended the meetings purposed going to Chili to get married by civil law, thus to be, as they said," Christians in everything." As it is three days' journey to Antofagasta, and expensive, not many poor people can benefit by the Civil Registry, however great may be their desire to do the right thing.

Mining occupies the attention of almost all the people in Oruro, and an opportunity offered of seeing the Indians at this work. The mine workers are not any special branch of the great Quechua-speaking people, but, as a rule, any Indian who once begins work in a mine will never again settle to work of any other kind.

The oppression of the Indians by their conquerors principally resulted from the Spaniards' need of workers in the mines. Millions were were caused to die through their cruel treatment, the Indians retaliating by seeking to keep from the knowledge of their masters the whereabouts of many of the richest deposits, and even to the present day it is generally believed in Bolivia that all the mines worked by the Indians are not yet known. There are undoubtedly a number of Indians in Bolivia to-day who are working mines and washing gravel on their own responsibility. I have known an Indian bring into Tupiza, after a short absence, about fifty pounds' worth of gold which he and his son had washed.

In the case of tin and other metals, they generally sell their finds to some establishment, as they cannot work up the metal themselves. Their manner of work is, of course, very primitive, and even now, where no foreigner directs the operation, the mines present more the appearance of a rabbit-burrow than anything else. The majority of the men and women at every mine are Indians, with cholos in charge of the gangs. The Indian works hard, and is utterly regardless of danger from falling rocks or in connection with blasting operations. The result is that a great many of them are killed annually.

The metal is carried on the backs of Indians to the surface, or, in the case of mines in the hands of foreigners, when railway lines are laid, to the

Maximiliano Rohrsetzer selling Bibles in Oruro.

trucks. Each Indian carries about 160 lbs. of ore in a piece of hide, but in some places, wheelbarrows are provided with the object of helping to lighten his labour.

There are three breaks a day in work, in order that the Indian may replenish his stock of coca, which every miner carries in his cheek. The cheek protrudes from the lump of coca-leaf constantly kept there. The sight of one of these men coming up out of the mine, with his little lamp in hand, his back bent with the heavy weight of metal, and his teeth green from the leaf which he chews, is very striking to one not accustomed to the sight. The women sit round the mouth of the mine, breaking and sorting the ore.

The mine workers live, as a rule, in huts built close to the mine. They get all their eatables from the mine owners' *pulperia* (shop) and are charged high prices for them, the result being that at the end of a fortnight, when pay-day comes, they have little or nothing to receive in money.

The miners, as has been mentioned, are very much given to drinking alcohol, and every feast-day that comes round is made an occasion for drunkenness, especially at Carnival. At this time, the miners bring to the owner at his house a gift of the finest metal they can find, which they have been keeping back in the mine for about a month previously, saving up the choicest bits as they were turned out. The Indians, with their gifts, arrive at the house of the owner in pro-

cession, singing improvised songs and playing musical instruments.

Every man, woman, and child receives what is called *tinka*, consisting of a bright-colored handkerchief, sweets, and a bottle of very strong drink. They pass some hours dancing and drinking, and late in the evening retire to the village to continue their drunkenness.

It is impossible to get them to work for about ten days after this. More than one of the mine-owners, having the welfare of the Indians at heart, have told me how they desired to break them of this custom, but the Indian absolutely refuses to work for a man who will not provide his *tinka*. Although he may be offered any amount of money, five times the value of the alcohol, yet he refuses to accept it, believing that there can neither be good luck for himself nor for the mine if this custom is abandoned.

Every mine of any size in the country has an image of a saint or Virgin, which is specially painted and prepared, and adorned with fresh hair and clean clothes, just previous to carnival.

The miners are particularly free from the influence of the priests, and consider it extremely unlucky if a priest enters the mine. In fact, I have heard of numbers of miners having refused to work if a priest visited the premises. The mining camps, like those of all other countries, seem to be centres of iniquity, and the greatest immorality abounds among the half-castes and

INDIANS WHO OWN LLAMAS AND ENGAGE IN THE CARRYING TRADE.

foreigners. The half-caste woman refuses to marry the white man, stating as her reason that in such cases the white man always dies.

At the same time, and even at the mines, the *Indian* stands out as an example of morality, that is, when placed in comparison with other people in the country. A gentleman, many years engaged in mining, told me of a case that will serve to illustrate how severely the Indian punishes immorality.

An Indian whom he had employed, and who had had some little education, was placed in a position of supervision at a mine. One of the carrying Indians, who had some llamas, was sent on a journey, and during his absence the foreman visited the carrier's wife with evil intention. Immediately upon the return of the carrier, this fact was made known to the rest of the Indians, who at once held a sort of trial, and decided to punish the culprit. Word reached my friend of their action, and he gathered together two or three others, and went off on horseback as fast as he could to the mine, but on reaching it he found that he had arrived too late, the foreman having already been killed and cut into pieces.

The Indians are very faithful in the care of anything put into their charge, and when a quantity of money is needed for payment of wages at these mines, it is often entrusted to a poor Indian. The money will be in silver, and two or three thousand dollars of this metal make

quite a heavy load, but the Indian will carefully put it on his animal, forsaking the main roads, and travelling unfrequented paths on the mountains, nor will he rest until he has delivered his charge. Arriving at his destination, while the money is being counted over by the recipient he may seek to steal something—a little pencil or other article of small value which lies near him.

A few general observations about the Indians will not be out of place. The Quechua is, as a rule, very faithful to his master, and rarely shows any savage instinct. But in the unsettled times of revolution, or when incited by the priests or others, there have been cases in which he has shewn the greatest cruelty.

The Indians of the village of Tarabuco are known as *come corazones* (heart-eaters) because of the way in which they attacked and destroyed a regiment of six hundred Spanish soldiers, who fell into an ambush during the war of Independence. The Indians sucked the heart's blood of their enemies, believing that by this means they would partake of the courage of the Spaniards. But such cruelty on the part of the Indians has only been in retaliation, because of the harsh and cruel treatment they received at the hands of others.

The Indians living in the higher districts are all short, thick-set men, with lungs well developed owing to the rarity of the air in which they live and work, so that in these districts, where the foreigner finds a difficulty in walking, one

COME CORAZONE (HEART-EATERS) INDIANS LIVING EAST OF SUCRE.
(*See page* 112).

is surprised to see the Indian running along apparently heedless of his heavy load; and the Indian's loads are heavy, for his carrying capability is remarkable.

The way in which such loads are lifted is peculiar. The thing to be carried is laid on the ground, a piece of rope twisted round it, and the Indian sits down with his back towards the load; then drawing the ends of the rope over his shoulders, he casts himself on his face, lifts the load, and slowly staggers to his feet. An Indian who carries a heavy load in this manner would not be able to carry a very much lighter burden in his hand or hanging by his side. Men and women all wear sandals, a piece of leather strap being passed between the first and second toes, and fastened round the heel. The sandals are slipped off and carried in the hand in wet weather.

Chapter XIII.

COCHABAMBA.

180 Miles in a Six-mule Stage-coach. Prayers to the Spirits. An Indian Burnt-offering. A Friar, a Brush, and Holy Water. Mashed Snakes for Lung Trouble. Colporteur spends a night in a Monastery. Indians incited to attack Missionary. Bonfire to burn the Protestant. Timely arrival of Soldiers.

FREQUENTLY we had thought of the possibility at some time of seeking to preach the Gospel in Cochabamba, the most northern department of Bolivia; and when the doctors decided that it was wiser for Mrs. Payne to leave Oruro, the great altitude of which had been so trying to her, we thought the time had come to fulfil this desire.

A diligence drawn by six mules, and carrying seven passengers, leaves Oruro each week during the dry season for Cochabamba, and makes the journey now in two days; a new piece of road having shortened the trip. When we left Oruro in 1902 we had three days of travel with this diligence before we reached Cochabamba. The first part of the road lay across the great pampas that stretch away in front of Oruro, and as our mules

QUILLACOLLA, 3 MILES FROM COCHABAMBA.

ROAD TO COCHABAMBA.

tore across this plain at a great pace, we had an opportunity of getting accustomed to the movement of the coach before we entered the mountain road, where the bumping and jolting over stones, etc., began.

About mid-day a stop was made for breakfast, as the South American calls the meal of that hour. On rising in the morning he partakes of coffee or weak tea, scarcely eating anything, but when 11 a.m. or mid-day arrives, he is ready to partake of a hearty meal of meat, soup and vegetables, followed by fruit or preserves; again about 6 p.m. or 7 this heavy meal is repeated. In some parts of Chili there are other small meals between coffee and breakfast, and between breakfast and supper, but most of the South Americans are content with two meals per day.

During the afternoon we descended some thousands of feet. It was quite an experience to find ourselves tearing down the narrow mountain road, sometimes on the edge of a precipice with great chasms yawning below us; at other times being dragged through a river, and then crawling up-hill for some distance before commencing another descent.

A boy travels with the coach in order to whip up the mules when they cannot be reached by the driver, and most of the time he is busy shouting and throwing stones at them. When a long descent begins he always provides himself with a supply of stones, and mounted beside the driver he throws

them at the mules when there seems any danger of their stopping their gallop, and thus becoming entangled with the diligence, when they would probably overturn it. The drivers relate their many experiences, and one is kept in a constantly nervous state by hearing that at this part of the road a coach turned over, and a little further on, in the last season, a coach was carried down the river; so that, when one encounters a troop of llamas on a narrow part of the road, there seems to be a possibility of repeating the accident.

One sees many examples of the extreme superstition of the Indians while travelling thus from town to town. On the top of every hill there is a pile of stones, which is gradually gathered by the Indian's habit of carrying a stone from the path by which he has climbed the hill and throwing it on the highest point. He stands for a moment, repeats some prayer to the spirits who are supposed to hover at this altitude, and then, taking the remains of the chewed coca leaf from his mouth, he throws it on the pile of stones. The Indian omitting to do so would not expect to have good success on his journey.

When a house is built the Indian places a small cross on the roof, and upon this he hangs a little pot of chicha, a silver coin and a great variety of trinkets, all supposed to be of use to the spirits who hover round the house. On the 1st and 2nd of November, when the Feasts of All Souls and All Saints are kept by the Church of

A Religious Procession. Quillacolla.

Rome, the Indian of Southern Bolivia and Northern Argentina kills a lamb, and roasts it to a cinder, supposing that the spirits receive the benefit of the food thus destroyed.

The priests encourage all kinds of superstition, finding that it is a means of increasing their gains, and in many of the market-places in Bolivia it is a common thing to see a priest standing and in front of him an Indian kneeling, who has paid him a few cents in order that he may repeat a prayer for him, and give him his blessing. The poor Indian, having disposed of his merchandise, approaches, with his money, one of the dirty friars, always to be found, and settles with him as to whether he will have an *Ave Maria* only or a *Padre nuestro* also. After the Priest has rapidly repeated a few words in Latin, he produces a bottle of holy water, and with a brush sprinkles some on the Indian, who rises and goes away believing that he has thus gained the protection of God.

The Indian doctors travel through the country with a little pack, containing a variety of herbal remedies, in the preparation of which they are expert, but which are composed mostly of charms, to provide against all the ills that flesh can be heir to ; a sample of these is a small hand, made of bone, grasping a coin, the possession of which will ensure against poverty. Among their remedies may be mentioned mashed snakes for lung troubles, and in certain children's diseases they recommend that the child be buried up to the neck, close to the

cemetery, which barbarous treatment invariably ends in the death of the child. It is very difficult to get an Indian doctor to tell foreigners the purpose for which he sells these small charms, as he has found that they are very ready to laugh at him. In this, as in all else, the Indian lives a separate life.

It is a fact that after centuries of Spanish rule there are very few Indians in Bolivia to-day who can or will speak Spanish. They absolutely refuse to adopt the Spanish language or habits, and are to-day much as they were four hundred years ago.

The Quechua people await the Gospel message. Rome has made very little impression on them; as one sees Roman Catholicism to-day one is led to say that the Indians have made more impression on it. The religion practised by the Quechuas as I have seen it in the chief cities is a kind of christened heathenism with Romish nomenclature.

We met a number of loaded mules coming from Santa Cruz. They had travelled about eight days bringing coffee, sugar, rice, rubber, etc. This is a thoroughly tropical place and is a good business centre.

By the time we had reached Cochabamba we had got quite into a tropical climate, and though still about 8,000 ft. over sea level, it seemed quite a low-lying country compared with the great altitudes we had been accustomed to. For the last few miles into Cochabamba the road was along the

THE RIVER AT COCHABAMBA.

foot of the Tunari mountain, the snow on which all the year round helps to reduce the temperature, and renders Cochabamba a very pleasant place to live in. I found that our diligence had travelled about 180 miles from Oruro and, with the repeated changes of mules for it and our baggage wagon, 90 animals had been employed.

The district round Cochabamba is very thickly populated, and has the largest population of any department in Bolivia. The people are in the habit of travelling to all parts of South America, and are thus more liberal in their views than those of most parts. Mr. Charles Mitchell gave us a welcome, and we were glad to see a number of children attending his school. He had been working away quietly for some time, but had not been able to gather many to hear the Gospel; he told us of his great desire to see something done. About this time the colporteur Rohrsetzer paid a visit to Cochabamba, and had been able to scatter a good number of Bibles, when the Ecclesiastical authorities tried to prevent the sale. The Governor telegraphed for instructions to La Paz, and received orders not to hinder his work.

Rohrsetzer found many of the young men very anxious to hear the Gospel, and on one occasion was taken to the Convent, at the request of the Spanish Friars, in order to meet them in a discussion, but the result seems to have been that he was so intimidated by the threats they used to

him, that, though not a cowardly man, after a few days he left the place.

We secured a house, and as soon as I could get seats made and things in order we began to invite a few of the friends to come to listen to our message. We realized that here, as in every town of Bolivia, there was some danger, as the priests were not likely to allow their power and influence to be thus rudely shaken.

The attendance at our meetings soon reached from 150 to 250 persons; but of course many opposed and excitement grew to boiling heat. The Bishop appealed to the authorities, and was referred to the judges, by whom he was given to understand that the decision which had been previously arrived at in Sucre on this subject left no course open but to allow us to proceed.

It was very interesting to find that the *fiscal* (Government Attorney) had met Mr. Penzotti 18 years before, and received a copy of the Bible from him; though not a converted man, yet all his sympathies were with the Gospel preaching, and he told me that such had been the influence Mr. Penzotti had upon him, that he had decided to seek to help all Protestant missionaries who might come to the country.

Finding that it was impossible to institute legal proceedings, excommunication was issued; to visit my house, or attend a meeting was "*pecado reservado*," a notice to this effect being circulated from house to house through the town. On en-

THE PLAZA, COCHABAMBA.

quiring I found that this "reserved sin" could only be pardoned by going on the knees to the Bishop. Any evil that a man might commit could find forgiveness on being confessed to a priest; drunkenness, robbery, and even murder would thus be forgiven, but the crime of attending a Gospel meeting and listening to the reading of the Scriptures was so grave that it needed a special pardon.

Sermons were preached in all the churches, but this only served to send more people to listen. The Chief of the Municipality sent for me one afternoon, and informed me that I must stop the meetings. I respectfully told him that if I had done evil he could have recourse to legal proceedings, and that I did not think he had a right to interfere with me in the matter. Then came a new order of things: lying slanders were circulated; it was said that I carried with me the special presence of the devil, and everyone passing us was to repeat, "Mary, Jesus, Joseph."

We were said to have in our house a figure of the Virgin, and another of Christ, which we spat upon, encouraging the young men who visited us to join in the same desecration by paying them large sums of money. Mothers, sisters, wives, were instructed to persecute us and anyone who came to our house. But all this failed to prevent those who wished to hear the Gospel from coming, so Rome resorted to her friends the ignorant mass, which is ever a mighty weapon in Bolivia.

Under the cloak of a demonstration in favour of the Municipality a public meeting was called, and the *Biatas* (women who devote themselves to religious matters) forced the Indians to come in from their *fincas* several miles away to swell the numbers. On Sunday, September 21st, the bells rang out to call the people to defend their religion. The crowd gathered in the *prado*, but no one came forward to address them. A few sacristans, etc., mixed with the crowd, urging them on to vengeance on the Protestants.

About 2 p.m. we heard the roar of furious thousands, and like a river let loose they rushed down on our house. Paving stones were quickly torn up, and before the police arrived windows and doors were smashed, and about a thousand voices were crying for blood. We cried to the Lord, not expecting to live much longer. The chief of police and his men were swept away before the mob, and the door burst in before the huge stones and force used.

There were two parties, one for murder and one for robbery. I was beaten and dragged about, while the cry went up, "Death to the Protestant!" The fire was blazing outside, as they had a quantity of kerosene, and with all the forms, chairs, texts, clothes, and books, the street was a veritable bonfire. Everything they could lay hands on was taken.

It seemed that the end had come, when a big Cholo, who had been helped by me on a recent journey, drove back the savages by sheer force. One

"Biatas," or Holy Women.- (*See page* 122).

A Shrine where Quechua Indians gather to worship Sun, Moon, and Cross.

man rushed at me with a knife, but Terrazas knocked him down. Soldiers now arrived, the regiment Abaroa striking terror into the hearts of the mob as they simply charged through everything and wielded swords on all sides.

We were glad to find ourselves in life, the poor children escaping also, and in a few minutes we had a stream of sympathisers that lasted till night.

Hundreds of persons, who before had shown no interest in our residence in Cochabamba, now gathered round to tell us how indignant they were that such an attack should have been made upon us. Congress was meeting in La Paz at the time, and numerous petitions were sent in from all over the country, calling upon it to take some action against the priests. Instructions were sent to the Governor to see that no further violence was used against us, and investigation was ordered into the whole question. One was sorry for the poor Indians who were placed under arrest. Some of them said that they had simply obeyed orders received from the priests, and knew nothing of what we had been preaching.

For several days a company of soldiers stayed in our house, as constant threats came of another attack, in which dynamite would be used; the neighbours became alarmed, no one sleeping within fifty yards of the house, but retiring to the houses of friends each night. During this time a political question was exciting the district; a man who had great influence in the country was under

arrest, charged with a number of crimes, and one half of the regiment stationed at Cochabamba broke into mutiny, and sought to set him free.

The Governor, realizing the difficulty of protecting us, thought it wiser that we should leave Cochabamba, and we received orders to depart within twenty-four hours, a coach being put at our disposal. The Indians in the district around were still much excited ; in one village they waited for three days to see the man with horns, long nose and tail, who would pass. Arrangements were made for soldiers to be provided at the stopping places, in order to prevent any attack on us that the priests might try to incite.

We were truly sorry to leave what seemed such a fine field, and so many really earnest fellows, who begged us to stay and go on with the meetings, but we had found some difficulty as to our house; the landlady, being a Biata, continually asked us to leave, as her life was in danger if we did not.

It is difficult to mention one or other from the great crowd of sympathisers, but the editor of *El Comercio* shewed us great kindness. The immense crowds, too, were encouraging; young men marching along shouted "Long live the Gospel," and on the night after the attack twenty-five of them begged arms from the Governor in order to guard the house.

We rejoice in the fact that Mr. Charles Mitchell is able to continue his school, and that

Bailarines holding Festival in Quillacolla.

a number of these young men, as well as many of the women, who before were afraid to come near us, meet at his house regularly twice a week, and interesting letters received from several of these show that the Gospel seed has borne fruit in the conversion of some souls.

It is generally felt that the result of these exciting times in Cochabamba has been the opening up of the country to a great extent to the Gospel, and on visiting the Central Government in La Paz, we were informed that it was their great desire to see laws passed which would give absolute liberty to Gospel work and take the power out of the hands of the priests.

Mr. Wilson, who for several months helped Mr. Mitchell, purposes together, with Messrs. Allan and Pulling of the Australasian South American Mission, to engage in aggressive Gospel work among the many Quechua-speaking people of this district.

Chapter XIV.

LA PAZ.

AYMARÁ INDIANS. MASSACRE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. THE VICUÑA OF THE ANDES. VIEW FROM THE ALTO. CANADIAN MISSIONARIES BEGIN GOSPEL WORK. FIRST MISSIONARY GRAVE. BISHOP'S APPEAL TO MINISTER OF WORSHIP. LAKE TITICACA. WONDERFUL INCA EMPIRE.

ORURO and La Paz are in constant communication by means of a diligence, which makes the journey in two days, using 144 mules for the repeated changes. These stage-coaches, several of which were built in Aberdeen, are the property of foreigners.

Very soon after leaving Oruro, we find ourselves among the Aymará Indians, a people who in many of their habits closely resemble the Quechuas, but who have, through the long centuries of Spanish rule and the previous dominion of the Incas, preserved themselves as a separate race, with distinct language.

They dwell on the tableland and mountains extending from Oruro to Lake Titicaca.

We translate the following from a Bolivian writer, as it gives a good idea of these Indians :—

"The Aymarás have a copper-coloured skin,

La Paz, with Illimani in the Background.

like most of the American Indians, but in their appearance and habits they show themselves to be closely allied to the Asiatic races.

"Their food consists chiefly of maize, prepared in different ways, by roasting or boiling the whole corn. Some of it is ground to flour and cooked like a kind of porridge, and some is mixed with grease and hot pepper to make a kind of soup, with potatoes, of which they have several varieties. They like to freeze the potatoes before boiling them in their soup. The dried *coca* leaf is chewed by them with a paste mixed from ashes and other ingredients to extract its full strength.

"The Aymarás are very superstitious. They believe in a future life, and when one of their number dies, his relations inter with the body a bag containing corn, *chuño* and coca, in order that the dead man may have provision for his long journey. Their physicians use herbs and compounds such as llama dung, ground bones, eyes of ravens, coagulated blood of snakes and other creatures. When there is no remedy for the illness, they say the patient is bewitched, and it is necessary to find the person who has put him into that state and get some blood from his body to moisten the head of the sick, in order that he may recover.

"They have a curious way of taking possession of a piece of land or a farm. Plenty of alcohol and *chicha* are provided, and when the old owner and the new have well drunken, together

with their friends, a *poncho* is spread on the ground. The new owner is tossed several times in this rug and is allowed finally to fall on his back. Stones, sticks, etc., are thrown in the air, and the ceremony concludes with a dance. The Indians give great significance to this custom, and one who receives possession in this way will never be disturbed in his property.

"Many of the Indians are engaged in passing contraband from Chili and Peru, their knowledge of the numerous tracks and roads enabling them to escape detection.

"The priests are generally looked upon with great veneration, although occasionally one hears of the assassination of one or another of these men, who in their greed for gain have added the proverbial straw. When the Indian contracts marriage, the bride does not pass to the husband until several days after the marriage, an interval that is spent at the home of the priest, who gives advice and instructs the young wife in her new duties."

The Aymará Indians were made use of by the revolutionary party in 1898 and 1899, and proved useful allies, especially by the way in which they harassed the Government troops, refusing to supply them with provisions, and giving information to the revolutionists of every movement of the soldiers.

After the defeat of the group of Sucre youths who were entrusted with the care of the ammuni-

Aymará Indians.
The Man was our Cook, and his Wife brought the Water from the Public Fountain.

tion, that was brought from Oruro to La Paz for the bombardment of the latter city, a company of 25 wounded men were left in the church of Ayo-ayo under the care of a priest and medical official. The Aymará Indians came down from the hills and inflicted the most horrible deaths that can be imagined on every one caught in the church. When the Government troops were able to retaliate, they seized a village of these Indians and mutilated all the men they could lay hands on. Thus acts of cruelty of one party were repeated by the other again and again. The general belief of these Indians is that if they can consume the blood of their enemy they will have all the courage of the fallen one.

While travelling on to La Paz, we obtained a glimpse of a troop of vicuña, which look like deer as they race along. They are recklessly slaughtered for their skins. A single rug of the finest class contains only the skin of the neck of the little animal, and necessitates the killing of quite a number of them. The second class of rug is made from other parts of the skin. One values these rugs as protection from the severe cold, whether on journeys or settled in some of the towns, as none of the houses contain fireplaces.

At length we near the city of La Paz, but as it is situated in a deep hollow nothing is seen of it till we reach the top of the steep descent that leads into the town.

A great number of Bibles have been sold

from time to time in this place, and the American Bible Society had a colporteur resident in the city for about two years between 1895 and 1898.

The following from the pen of Mr. R. Routledge, of the Canadian Baptist Mission, gives a good idea of La Paz, and their work for God in that city:—

"The view of the city of La Paz from the Alto is one that has few equals.

"The beauty of the scene is much enhanced by the fact that the previous day's travel is over one of the most dreary and uninteresting of plains. As the coach stops at the Alto (edge of the cliff) and we look down upon the city 800 feet below, we see a very compact, pretty little city, about one mile wide, filled with red-tiled houses, and surrounded by high hills. The only opening is the beautiful valley at the bottom directly in front of us, which leads to the great Amazon River. Every league you go in that direction means a complete change of climate, but nature is thriving on every side, flowers, shrubs and trees growing in profusion.

"Mid-winter brings but a few heavy white frosts, not enough to seriously injure verbenas, bluebells, hollyhock, roses, margarites, asters, etc., which are in blossom even in the midst of the cold period.

"In Oruro we had all kinds of tropical fruits, but they were picked so green, and brought so far, that we scarcely knew what they tasted

MARKET IN LA PAZ. SUNDAY IS THE BIGGEST MARKET DAY.

like. Here, we get them in all their freshness. A rushing mountain torrent fed by the glaciers far above sweeps through the heart of the city, and as all the streets except cross ones incline towards the river there is no difficulty about sewage.

"The city square is made into a public garden, whilst leading down the valley from the city is a beautiful drive, shaded on either side by willows and eucalyptus. Looking through the trees you see towering in the distance the snow-white summit of Illimani, the second or third highest elevation in America. The city seems to be built at its base.

"You would think we were not a league from the snow, but Illimani is forty miles from La Paz.

"From the Alto above the city, you can see 100 miles distant, Sorato peak, 21,286 feet above sea-level.

"From my description of mid-winter, one might think that the summer is very hot, but such is not the case, and, the city being over 12,000 feet above sea-level, is one of the healthiest in the world.

"So much for the natural beauties. But what an awful picture we should have to give of the spiritual state of its priests and people!

"At the time of writing, there is in La Paz gaol a priest on trial for his life, for inciting the Indians during the last revolution to mur-

der 120 soldiers who had surrendered to them. There is also another in gaol charged with assaulting a girl of 14 in the confessional. I do not overstate matters when I say that at least half the priests of the country have families that they themselves acknowledge. We have a school of 70 young men of the best families of La Paz, and as some of them have left the Jesuit School to come to ours, you may guess that we are the objects of their envy and hate. The priests have preached against our meetings and us in all the churches, and complained to the Minister of Worship, but he informed the priests that there was no cause for interference, and told us to continue; he wished there were another dozen like us in La Paz."

In another letter of 1902, Mr. Routledge says:—"It is now almost three weeks since we began our special meetings. During that time many hundreds have heard the Gospel. So many came that we found it necessary to make a division into two groups, giving each group four services per week.

"We are thus preaching the Gospel regularly to 300 people, as there are 150 each night. The attention from the first has been all that could be desired.

"Men of every class come, doctors, lawyers, members of the University Council, etc., not to speak of throngs of working men."

These large meetings did not continue, but

there are a number who meet twice each week to hear the message of salvation told forth.

It was in La Paz that Robert Lodge, of Harley House, fell asleep in Jesus after a few months of work for his Master in South America. The niche in which his body was placed bears the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and remains a witness amid the gloom and hopelessness of the inscriptions around it.

Leaving La Paz on the western side, a line of rail has been constructed to the edge of Lake Titicaca, and steamers carry passengers to the terminus of the Peruvian Railway on the other side. This lake is a most remarkable expanse of water, some 3,600 square miles in extent, and situated 12,545 feet above sea-level. It is over 80 miles long and 40 wide. It has a mysterious subterranean outlet, the other end of which cannot be found. The only known outlet is the River Desaguadero, which flows through upper Bolivia to Oruro and into Lake Poopo.

There are several very interesting islands in it with remains of Inca civilization. It was on one of these islands that Manco Capac, the first Inca, is said to have appeared in the eleventh century and there received orders from the Sun. He instructed the people in the arts of agriculture, and his wife taught the women weaving, etc.

Chapter XV.

MINING AND COMMERCE.

MINING AND COMMERCE. RICH DEPOSITS. LAST OF THE INCAS. AMERICAN SYNDICATE. THE AFRICAINE COMPANY.

ENGLISHMEN have never realised the wealth of Bolivia, and it is only comparatively recently that mining experts from the United States and England have commenced operations in the country, but efforts are now being made to secure options on properties. History tells of the large store of silver and gold that the Spaniards have extracted from the Andine mines. A short visit to some of these old workings of several centuries ago reveals the amount of labour expended by the old Spaniards and Indians, and how real must have been the treasure for which they toiled.

We have referred to the silver mines of Potosi, and also to those of Colquechaca. At present very little is being done at these places, owing to the low price of silver, but these mines are believed to be almost inexhaustible. Those of Huanchaca and Oruro export large quantities of silver. But the principal mineral sought after in Bolivia to-day is tin. These old silver mines all had more or less of tin in the heads of the workings, but the miners of

COLQUECHACA. MINING TOWN.—*(See page 134).*

bygone days looked upon tin as of little importance. However, in the altered condition of things, with the low price of silver and greatly increased price of tin, the attention of miners is being directed to the latter.

Within fifty or sixty miles of Oruro, the principal tin mines are being worked, and several men can be met with who have acquired considerable wealth in a very short space of time in these mines. The custom is for the European or upper-class Bolivian to stand by as overseer, while the Indian does all the hard work.

In the case of tin deposits in Cornwall, work is carried on when two to three per cent of tin is found, but anything below eight to ten per cent is generally thrown aside in Bolivia, the expense of working and exporting making it unprofitable to take up so poor a deposit. It is, however, no uncommon thing to find mineral yielding forty to fifty per cent of tin.

When the Spaniards first entered this country in the sixteenth century they found the Indians working mines of gold, silver and copper, the produce of which was always handed over to the central government, which held all the treasure of the nation. Upon the Spaniards promising to liberate Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, on payment of his ransom in gold, it was not long before the order reached the Indians working the mines all over the country, and the coveted metal commenced to accumulate at Cuzco. The unfaith-

fulness of the Spaniards toward Atahualpa is a matter of history, but the Indians did not fail to fulfil the conditions imposed upon them, shewing that there was an almost unlimited supply of gold.

Gold partly dug and partly washed is obtained in all the eastern Cordillera of the Andes, but very few operations on a large scale are being carried on.

An attempt is now being made to put dredgers on the River San Juan in Southern Bolivia, and a number of claims having recently been taken up in that part of the country, it is proposed to start gold-washing in a more systematic way there, also in the neighbourhood of Tupiza.

Great diversity of opinion exists as to the value of such operations. Many mining experts, who know Bolivia thoroughly, doubt the result of putting on expensive machinery for these works, believing that the gold is only to be found under conditions that make it payable to the Indian, who can wait to find his "pocket," while the heavy machinery will tear up quantities of poor stuff and fail to secure the rich mineral, the great efforts to this end being useless.

Two or three years ago an American Syndicate expended in the neighbourhood of La Paz as much as $100,000 in a short time, and not more than a few ounces of gold were extracted.

Rich deposits of copper are to be found in many places.

Most of the import trade is in the hands of

Llamas bringing Fuel to the Benefitting Establishment of Mr. Andrew Penny.
This Gentleman has shown himself a warm friend of Missionaries.

German houses that are established on the Chilian coast, and it consists chiefly of iron, hardware, calicoes, silk, etc.

Several companies are in treaty for the laying of railways in the interior of the country, and the opening up of the country by rail and road must lead to the developing of all these riches, but when these may be ready is difficult to say. The latest contract of this kind that has been signed is one by the Africaine Company, under the presidency of King Leopold of Belgium, whose interest in the quantities of rubber that might still be exported from Eastern Bolivia is well known.

Bolivia has no sea coast, and is thus dependent on railway communication for intercourse with other countries, but the eastern boundary includes part of the river Paraguay, which connects with the South Atlantic Ocean.

The following extract from a review of the commercial condition of the country gives the official figures of some of the exports for the year 1900:—

"Agriculture is in a backward condition. Wheat, maize, barley, beans, and potatoes are produced for local consumption, and coffee is exported to Chili and Argentina. Sugar is grown for the purpose of distillation, but distilled spirit is largely imported from Peru.

"The production of rubber is increasing, especially in the Acre region, which yields annually about 3,000 tons.

"The production of coca reaches the value of 3,000,000 bolivianos each year, three-fourths of the total being from Yungas, in the department of La Paz. Chinchona bark is also exported. Cattle, sheep and llamas are numerous; the wool produced is woven into coarse cloth for the use of Indians.

"The mineral wealth includes silver, copper, tin, zinc, antimony, bismuth, wolfram, gold, and borate of lime. The export of silver during the four years up to 1900 reached the yearly average of 11,000,000 ounces troy, coming principally from the Huanchaca, Oruro, and Colquechaca mines.

"Next in importance is tin, which is produced on the border of the great tableland that extends south from the Lake Titicaca. The chief tin mining centre is in the Huanuni district, but the metal is found almost wherever silver is worked. In 1900 the export of tin reached 10,080 metric tons of barilla and 1,591 metric tons of bar tin.

"Copper of fine quality is found in the Corocora district, the annual output in the form of barilla being about 3,000 tons.

"Gold is found in many parts of Bolivia. Several gold-mining enterprises have been begun, but there is no information as to results."

OLLANTAYTAMBO. VIEW OF INCA CITADEL.

INDIAN CANOES MADE OF STRAW ON LAKE TITICACA.

Chapter XVI.

CONCLUSION.

System of Education. Official Report of Cochabamba Riot. Roman Catholic Bishop's Letter about Priests. Other important Letters. Are the People of Bolivia satisfied with Romanism? Numerous Indian Tribes. The Quechua Language.

MANY things have combined at this time to hasten the movement toward fuller liberty in Bolivia. The presence of the Canadian Baptist Missionaries and their excellent schools must have a good effect. The Liberal Government have insisted on a new line of things in all the educational establishments of the country. Up to a few years ago the system followed was to teach one subject to every child in a class and never return to it again, so that a child might learn his arithmetic only in his first year and not have an opportunity of again studying it in school. The Minister of Education has changed all this to the more rational method, and although he met with great opposition from the priests has carried his point.

The past year has seen two important measures through Congress. One refers to the control of the Cemeteries, which had been in the hands of the

priests, but has now passed to the Municipalities, and a great abuse has ceased. Much horror was caused on several occasions by the exhuming of the dead bodies of some foreigners who had not been subject to the priests.

The other measure dealt with the priests. In the past they could only be tried by the ecclesiastical courts, but now they are held responsible by the ordinary Courts for any crime they may commit.

The following letters will show how things in the country are looked upon by natives themselves:—

The Official Report of the Disturbance in Cochabamba.

September 21st, 1902.

"To the Minister of the Interior.

"For some time a British subject named Mr. W. Payne, a Protestant, has been amongst us giving Conferences to a limited number of persons in his own hired house, admission by ticket.

"This gave rise to a commission of women (Catholic) to the Municipality, where they induced the President to put a fine of B.20 on Mr. Payne if he had another meeting. Pleased with this reception from the President of the Municipality, they consented to give a public procession in his honour. The procession was realised to-day at 1 p.m., composed chiefly of the lower class Indians (collected by the priest) and fanatical women. There was not one respectable person among them. The procession numbered about

Stonework of the Quechua Indians of some Centuries past.

2,000, and after saluting the President, Dr. Benjamin Blanco, they passed to the house of Mr. Payne, and with the weight of the large stones which they tore up from the road the door soon gave way.

"Having gained an entrance, the furniture, clothes, and other goods were brought out, and a large bonfire was started with paraffin brought for the purpose.

"Mr. Payne was very roughly handled, and the police were useless. I then sent 25 mounted men of the Abaroa Lance, which happened to be here, and they arrived just in time to save Mr. Payne's life. I then went to my office, and a large number of young gentlemen came to offer their assistance. They protested strongly against these acts of violence instigated by the priests.

"As the incident produced great excitement throughout the town, I sent soldiers into the streets, forbidding more than two or three persons in a group, and at 2.30 p.m. prohibited all processions during the rest of the day.

"However, in spite of my written and verbal order, the Bishop held a procession at 4 p.m., in order (as he said) to take away the displeasure of the Virgin who had been dishonoured, as the evangelist was said the night before to have manifested his doubts about her miraculous birth, etc.

"I have now twenty-seven of the prisoners, who must be dealt with severely. It is our duty to protect and respect persons and their property.

(*Signed*) ARANIBAR."

There has lately come to light a letter written by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cochabamba some years ago concerning the clergy of his own diocese. A parish priest had in some way so misconducted himself that the Bishop was determined to remove him, but on the representation of a friend he was afterwards permitted to remain. The opportunity was taken, however, to pen the terribly condemnatory lines which we give below:—

LETTER FROM BISHOP OF COCHABAMBA.

"COCHABAMBA,

"*January 1st*, 1861.

"MY DISTINGUISHED SIR AND FRIEND,

"I received yours of the 29th ult., in which you express the hope that the Rev. M.—— M.—— may be allowed to remain in his present parish. Because of the friendship with which you honour me, and to give you proof of my appreciation, I shall comply with your request.

"I must say, however, that the ignorant and corrupt priesthood of this diocese will never reform. It is upon my head that all the public censure falls for the outrages committed by these abandoned and lost men. I have done all in my power to pull them out of the cesspool of ignorance and vice. They are not only useless but running to satiety, and I have not been able to accomplish anything. They are always the same—brutal, drunken, seducers of innocence, enemies of God, of the Church and humanity, without religion and without conscience. Better would the people be without them. They

Remains of Inca Palace.

are good for nothing except to play at mass, and even these are executed without devotion and without reverence. Can these animals direct consciences and instruct the people?

"The priests of these villages and provinces have no idea of God, nor of the religion of which they are the professed ministers. They never study. Their daily round of life is first to fill their stomach, then the disorders of the bed, from there to the temple looking for more prey for their horrible sacrilege, then back to laziness, drunkenness, and awful disorders of the bed again.

"You cannot imagine the pain these things cause me. I am sick and tired of it all. There are exceptions, but so very, very few that they are not enough to mitigate the pain . . . .

"In conclusion, I would say that in less than ten years the Roman Catholic Church [*i.e.*, in Bolivia] will have ceased to be. The priesthood neither serve it nor know it. The immense masses are more ignorant every day, and full of superstition, because they never hear the word of God. Thank God, I shall not see the coming calamity, for I shall soon be in the grave.

(Signed) "ALFONSO,
"*Bishop.*"

ROMISH OPPRESSION IN BOLIVIA.

ARE the people of Bolivia satisfied with their religion and those who administer it? The following extracts, bearing on this subject, are

taken from a recent number of *El Comercio*, one of the most influential papers in Cochabamba:—

[From *El Comercio*, September 2nd.]

The people of Parapeti (Santa Cruz) have sent to the governor of the department a protest signed by nearly all its inhabitants, complaining of the exactions of the resident missionary friars and asking that *this worst of all plagues* be removed at once.

[From *El Comercio*, August 25th, 1903.]

"From the people of Ayopaya to the Bishop of Cochabamba:

"We ask that our present priest be removed, and that someone be sent worthy of the name, 'Apostle of Jesus Christ.'

Then follow these accusations:—

"1. The priest has used private gifts to the Virgin for his own benefit.

"2. Every year he makes the people bring material for repairing the church, but sells the material and keeps the money.

"3. He collects excessive church dues, but nobody knows what becomes of them.

"4. He receives money to pay a caretaker, but makes someone do the work for nothing—and it is done very badly.

"5. He has not obeyed the Bishop in buying an organ, but has "borrowed" one from a parishioner and put the money in his pocket.

"6. He has neglected to put communion tables in the outskirts of the parish.

"7. He receives money from several persons for several masses, but only says one mass for all.

"8. The church building is dilapidated, but he looks on in indifference.

VILLAGE OF CHALLAS.

"9. He has done nothing whatever for the betterment of the people since coming here."

[Another complaint.]

"To the President of the Hon. Council of the province of Arque:

"It is my painful duty to report the following shameful charges against Isidoro Claros, priest of Quirquiavi:—

"In a sermon, he told the Indians that those who obeyed the municipality were savages, adulterers, and excommunicated; that neither the municipality nor the President had anything to do with the Church. He recently ordered the Indians to close up a street which the municipality had opened.

"He demands from the Indians taxes he has not the least right to demand.

"In less than a month he has collected from Manuel Beltran $56 for burial rites and $32 for masses, and now threatens to send his church officials to take possession of the property of the widow.

"From Gaviano Checa, another poor Indian, he demanded $12 for having pronounced a blessing over his deceased sister, but Checa not being able to pay, the priest seized four of his sheep and intends to take possession also of three llamas, the property of the deceased sister.

"From another widow, this heartless wretch has extorted $32 for masses and responses.

"He thinks that being parish priest he is the owner of all the property of the Indians, whom he fleeces extravagantly in the face of public outcry. He goes to their preserves in search of sheep, which he secures by saying a few prayers over their belongings in order to keep away the evil spirits. He intrudes into the huts and performs these ceremonies against their wishes. He

brings them from their ranches and makes them marry against their will, just for the money it brings him.

"In August last, he whipped a poor widow named Maria Tola from the church to her house, because she had informed the municipality that he had extorted $32 from her. He left her saying: 'That will teach you not to go to the municipality.'

"The man does just as he pleases and says he fears nobody and no authority."

El Comercio, commenting on these charges, says: "The priests of parishes where the Indian element is dominant are, with few exceptions, nothing more than miserable usurers and cynical traders in religion, vampires that suck the blood of the people, underhanded extortioners from the superstitious and ignorant masses, over whom they rule with kicks and blows.

"They are monsters who fleece the poor Indian, who is allowed as a "divine" favour to kiss their hand. Instead of teaching the truth they teach a lie, and teach nothing moral. They do nothing to awaken the sleeping faculties of the down-trodden Indian, *who continues to grow ever more ignorant and is sinking deeper and deeper in his misery, superstition and drunkenness.* The priest does nothing. Nay; would God he did nothing! But these monsters are the worst enemies of religion and humanity. They are preparing a terrible catastrophe for the future.

"But the Indian will awake from his stupor, and will cry to God for the wrong-doings of his oppressor. He will turn his eyes to hope in that God whom he now knows only as the Supreme Tyrant ready to wipe out with a stroke of His wrath all who do not abandon themselves to the priests. He will wake up, but to what? To hate our religion and our civilisation. Be careful that those of

LAKE TITICACA.

another religion* do not improve the opportunity by establishing schools to raise the moral standard of this suffering race.

"If these priestly abuses are not corrected by strong measures they will bring about the destruction of our national religion."

In conclusion, we would like to point out that while we have mentioned some few tribes of Indians of North Argentina and Bolivia, more especially dwelling on the Quechua people, there are a great number of tribes in the interior of South America, and scarcely any attempt has ever been made to reach them with the Gospel. By some travellers these Indians are estimated as comprising over 300 distinct tribes with different languages.

Most of these languages will have to be reduced to writing, but we have several grammars and vocabularies of the Quechua tongue, and a part of the New Testament has been translated into Quechua. Thus there is hope of some ray of light reaching the 3½ millions of these people scattered along the Andes, but as yet no missionary is proclaiming the Gospel in their tongue.

The following is Mark xvi. 15 in Quechua:—

"Riychis llapa tecsimuyuntinta, anyacamuychistac evangeliota tucuy runaman;"

And Mark vi. 34.

"Jesustac llocsimuspa uc sinchi runa tantata ricurcan, cuyapacurcantac paicunamanta."

*The reference is obviously to the Evangelicals.—Ed.

Already we can say:

"Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming from afar,
From the lofty Andine mountains,
From Bolivia's peopled plains,
They shall hear the 'old, old story,'
And be loosed from Satan's chains."

It is a glorious thought that in that day, when the mighty multitude of redeemed sing around the Throne, "Thou art worthy, ... for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation," there must join in that chorus a group from these many tribes of South America. Oh, the joy of that day, when we shall see our Lord Jesus glorified in the salvation of South America's Indian sons! Who will seek to have a share in this work of carrying to them the message of peace?

Date Due

DEC 07			

Demco 38-297

Duke University Libraries
D01146398W

DUKE LSC
D01146398W